

Henry M. Stanley

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CASTLE, DENRIGH.
(The Birthplace of Henry M. Stanley.)



BOWLING GREEN, DENBIGH
(Where John Rollant was nursed.)

HENRY M. STANLEY.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE

FROM

HIS BIRTH IN 1841 TO HIS DISCOVERY OF
LIVINGSTONE, 1871. -

BY

CADWALADER ROWLANDS.



Portrait of Mr. Stanley, 1866.

"We desire to do honour to his energy, courage, and pluck."

Sir Henry Rawlinson.

With Numerous Illustrations.

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AMONG the many unexpected incidents attending the return to this country of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, none will have amused him more than the very different accounts of his birth and early life which have appeared in the London and New York journals.

Our *Illustrated London News*, which hinted that it had received the information direct from the great traveller himself, says :—

Stanley is a Missourian, 28 years of age, who was one of the correspondents of the *New York Herald* in the American Civil War.

A second weekly paper, equally eminent with the one just quoted, also gave its readers to understand that it had obtained its intelligence direct from Mr. Stanley himself, and this journal declared him to be

an American, a native of the City of New York, in the State of New York, and born in the year 1843. Of a roving disposition, he commenced his travels early. While yet a boy he ran away from school, went to sea, and deserted his ship in the harbour of Barcelona. In swimming to land he lost his bundle of clothes, and was thus obliged to make his way ashore naked. In this condition he was found by a sentry and taken to the castle, where

he was allowed to sleep the night on some straw. In the morning a captain took pity on him, gave him some clothes, and bade him *adios*, a'ter conducting him through the suburb of Barcelonetta. He started to Marseilles without a copper in his pocket, and though several times in danger of being imprisoned as a vagabond, continued his journey on foot through Southern Catalonia, and finally arrived at the frontier, sustaining himself by asking alms. In France his forlorn appearance attracted the attention of the police, and at the little town of Narbonne, in the department of the Aude, was apprehended, but after a short detention was released. Having received means from his friends upon arriving at Marseilles, he began his travels in a more respectable fashion, visited almost all the ports of Europe, studying as he travelled the histories of the countries through which he passed. The War of Secession breaking out, he returned to his own country, enlisted as a volunteer, was present at the battles of Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and Pittsburg Landing. His time being up, he engaged as a newspaper correspondent, and thus witnessed several battles on the Potomac, and the capture of Fort Fisher. Peace having been concluded, Mr. Stanley travelled through the western territories, sometimes as a newspaper correspondent, sometimes taking practical lessons in gold mining. After this tour he set out on his return to his home, built a raft, and with a companion of his own age, floated down the Platte River to the Missouri River, a distance of over 700 miles. Arriving in New York his restlessness induced him to endeavour to proceed across Asia, *viâ* Smyrna, with two American friends. After penetrating 300 miles into the interior, reaching Afiuna-Kara-Hissar, he and his companions were robbed of 6,000 dollars by the Koords, and were obliged to go back to Constantinople to get redress, in which they succeeded. Returning again to America, he was engaged by the *Missouri Democrat* and *New York Tribune* to follow the Indian Peace Commissions and Hancock's military expedition against the Kiowas and Cheyemes.

When the Abyssinian campaign began he was engaged by the *New York Herald* to follow the British army. Having shown considerable aptitude and energy during

this campaign, he was requested to proceed to Crete and describe the real state of affairs there during the rebellion. Thence he went to the Spanish Revolution, and when that was terminated was ordered to Egypt to await Dr. Livingstone's arrival, who was then reported as coming home. Getting tired of waiting, in December 1869, he was again sent to Spain to report progress on the Republican revolutionists, and on his arrival in Madrid from the siege of Valencia, he received that now famous telegram to "come to Paris" to see Mr. Bennett, the subsequent circumstances of which we now know well. He had first to attend the inauguration of the Suez Canal, go up the Nile, then to Jerusalem, then to Damascus, Smyrna, Constantinople, Crimea, Southern Russia, Ural Mountains, Trebizond, Tiflis, through the Caucasus to interview Stoletoff at Bakou, across the Caspian Sea to Krasnavodsk, then through Persia *viâ* Teheran, Ispahan, Persepolis, Bushire, Bagdad, Muscat, India, Mauritius, Seychelle, Zanzibar, and thus to Central Africa, happily reaching Ujiji but twenty-five days after Livingstone arrived. Such is the brief story of yet a young life: something approaching to 120,000 miles of travel, a distance of nearly five times round the globe, having been accomplished by this most energetic traveller.

The reader will perceive, when he has read further on, that the latter half of the preceding account is tolerably correct, but that the whole of the first part is apocryphal.

Then came a New York journal, *Harper's Bazaar*, which declared Stanley to be—

A native of Missouri and 29 years of age.

Then there was his own journal, the *New York Herald*. A Mr. Jones had written to the editor,

claiming Stanley as a Welshman. The *Herald* replied :—

Mr. Stanley is neither an Ap-Jones nor an Ap-Thomas. Missouri, and not Wales, is his birthplace.

On July 28th, the same journal, in going over the roll of great African travellers and their nationalities, says :—

The one American is Stanley.

Hearth and Home was next, and it stated the gallant traveller to be—

A native of Connecticut, who emigrated when young with his family to the Western States.

A sixth journal said it “knew of a fact that he was born in Louisiana,” whilst other papers claimed him for other States.

Whether Mr. Stanley was struck with the absurdity of these conflicting statements as to his birth-place, or from whatever cause, he has certainly added to the general confusion, and allowed the contention to continue.

But there are old friends of his, and relatives, who glory in his nationality, and who think that at least a trifle of his lustre may fall upon *them*. Although in humble circumstances, they assisted him

in early life ; they felt that one day he would be famous, that he would do some great thing : and now they say, “Yr ydyrn yn diolch i Dduw am eich llwyddiant, ond O! peidiwch gwadn eich cenedloldeb.”*

That Mr. Stanley was born in Denbigh, and resided in its neighbourhood for the first fifteen years of his life, there is the very best proof in the world,—that is, if parish registers, sisters, brothers, and a mother may be considered material proof.

One thing has surprised the present writer, and that is, the unanimous *personal* feeling of the good people of Denbigh in this matter. They are gratified beyond measure that a townsman should have made for himself a world-wide fame, but they are hurt that their little town should be denied the honour of giving him birth. From morning to night the subject is one of continual conversation there. Every movement of their illustrious townsman is noted in the papers. Whether he has gone to Scotland to meet the Queen, or has accepted an invitation to a City dinner with the Lord Mayor of London, both facts are equally well known at Denbigh a few hours after their publication in London. The people stand about in groups discussing

* For the benefit of readers outside the Principality I give a rough English translation — “*We thank God for your great success, but don't, don't deny your nationality!*”

the intelligence. The conversation at all the public houses and in the tradesmen's shops in Vale Street turns upon the one absorbing topic, and it is a curious fact that copies of all the New York papers which have lately been fighting over the veracity of the Livingstone despatches can be readily seen in Denbigh, when it is very difficult indeed to get a sight of them in London.

The story of Stanley's school-boy days is known not merely to his fellow-townsmen, but to the Members of Parliament and most of the local dignitaries in North Wales; and, at the recent Eisteddfod at Portmadoc, the honour to Wales of Stanley's birth was "the principal topic of conversation."

Apart from the mere nationality of Stanley, it was thought that some account of his earlier adventures and extraordinary expeditions would show the training, the experiences of the man who found Dr Livingstone.

It is not generally known that Stanley had previously undertaken, and successfully carried out an expedition compared with which—the late United States Minister at Constantinople being the witness—

"A journey from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe in the centre of Africa is a safe trip."

This was a journey from the Mediterranean Sea

through Asia Minor, Persia, and India, right on to Bombay, with one solitary attendant ! The general idea is that Mr. Stanley accomplished his wonderful march to Ujiji without previous special training ; and so much has this been dwelt upon, that travel in Central Africa is now thought by many to be much easier than professed geographers have stated it to be.

Another matter, too, is worthy of mention. The *New York Herald* has at this moment a *second* Expedition in Africa, proceeding by-way of the Nile. In the issue for July 26, 1872, it says, "the Expedition has just been heard from at Khartoum, on its way to find Sir Samuel Baker and the Stanley Expedition."

In our book it is stated that a lady residing in Denbigh knows Henry M. Stanley and John Rowlands to be *one* and the same person. She has received many letters from Mr. Stanley, the last one bearing the post-mark of Zanzibar, from which town it had been despatched just before the energetic traveller started on his remarkable journey to Ujiji.

I have to express the publisher's and my own obligations to the relatives and friends of Mr. Stanley in Denbigh and its neighbourhood ; also to Captain Thomas, Chairman of the St. Asaph Board of Guardians ; to M. A. Moon, Esq., of Chester,

and other gentlemen who have kindly given us valuable information.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to say that however rugged and unscholarly my narrative may, as a literary performance, be considered, it does not contain a material fact in proof of which I have not good evidence, nor a single line that I believe will give pain to any living person.

As a native of the Principality, I feel I have done my duty to the best of my ability.

Y GWIE YN EREYN Y BYD.

C. R.

LIVERPOOL,

25th October, 1872.

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THE STORY OF THE LIFE

OF

HENRY M. STANLEY,

THE DISCOVERER OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

WHEN it is given to a man to perform some great deed, or do some act by hand or brain which arrests the attention of the civilized world, and elevates its author to a niche among the great ones of his time, his life and actions, within reasonable limits, become public property, because they either help us to understand the qualities which have enabled him to rise to distinction, or teach us that lesson—old as the history of the human race, yet ever new—that circumstances, however humble, form no barrier to the attainment of deserved renown.

Mr. Stanley must submit with the best grace

he may to the warm discussion going on among his countrymen, as to his nationality. It is only one of the penalties of greatness, and is the one, in all likelihood, which will afford him most amusement. Dozens, we might almost say hundreds, of Welshmen have determined that he *shall* be a countryman, and have accumulated a vast number of facts and incidents in proof of their assertion. As we are intimately acquainted with the district which claims him as its own, and many of its inhabitants, we imagine we may serve both parties, and throw oil on the troubled waters, by giving a short narrative of the life and experiences of the Denbigh boy whom they seek to identify with the discoverer of Livingstone. That Mr. Stanley may only be amusing himself at their expense in his off-hand statement made to Mr. Ollivant,* is an explanation of the difficulty they themselves have raised, impossible to the comprehension of these enthusiastic Celts.

When we first learned that Mr. Stanley was a native of Wales, we could not help thinking, that there was a peculiar fitness in the circumstance that Livingstone,

* A gentleman of this name, residing at Sale, Cheshire, had sent to Mr. Stanley some clippings, concerning the latter's nationality, from the *Rhyl Journal*, and other local newspapers. Mr. Stanley sent a humorous reply to the effect that:—"If English and Welsh folks are so gullible as to believe all the 'rot' they read about me, I can't help it."

a northern Celt, whose forefathers for generations were natives of Ulva, one of that cluster of the Hebrides of which Sir Walter Scott speaks—

“And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the groups of islets gray, —
That guard famed Staffa around,”

should have been discovered and succoured by a descendant of a tribe of the same Celtic race.

High courage and endurance, and an adventurous spirit, are the possession of no special race; but there can be no doubt that the inhabitants of a mountainous country, especially when that country has a history teeming with daring and heroic exploits, prove their qualities in a high degree.

To have been born in Denbigh, is to be associated with a district which, for picturesque beauty in the alternation of hill and dale, of sylvan and pastoral plains and valleys, with rocky and mountainous scenery, is all but unrivalled in the Principality,—surroundings and influences which tend to the development of those faculties of mind and body which make men distinguished in all the walks of life.

The town and castle of Denbigh stand on a sloping eminence with a bold and precipitous front towards the south, about the middle of the Vale of Clwyd. From the ruins of Denbigh Castle a magni-

ficient prospect up and down the beautiful Vale of Clwyd is obtained, which is richly wooded and pastured, diversified with tree-crowned eminences, and intersected with trout streams.

Save towards the sea, the view is bounded by hills, many of them, especially towards the south and south-west, being of a lofty and imposing character. In the latter direction the eye traverses the semi-circular range of hills which screen the Island of Anglesea from the mainland, and culminate about the centre of the chain in the towering summit of Snowdon.

The town and castle of Denbigh, and the Vale of Clwyd have been not inaptly compared to the town and castle of Stirling, with its magnificent plain, surrounded on all sides by hills and mountains. Towards the north and north-west the four mighty Bens dwarfing the hundred summits which rise amongst them.

The scenery is exactly of the same kind as that of Stirling and its surroundings; but town and castle, and the rock on which they stand, are much smaller in extent. The valley is less than half the size, and the Clwyd and its tributaries are rivulets in comparison with the Forth and Teith and their influents which converge in the valley.

The distant Grampians and Ochils, which encircle

the Vale of Stirling on three sides, can boast of several loftier summits than Snowdon itself, and the mountain scenery is altogether of a loftier and sterner character. Both are equally rich in historical associations. In the valley of Stirling the Scottish patriot, Wallace, defeated the English, and Robert Bruce, at the famous battle of Bannockburn, routed the most splendid army Edward the First ever marched into an enemy's territory.

The same English king was more fortunate in his attack upon Denbigh, which was then a hill fortress of great strength and importance, with a town of some antiquity at its base. It was defended by David the brother of Llewellyn, who, considering himself the legal sovereign of North Wales, had summoned the various chieftains to aid him in the defence of the province. His discretion was not equal to his valour, for he decided upon commencing hostilities before he was in a position to cope with the superior forces his enemy had at his disposal, and, after a brief campaign, he was defeated and made prisoner.

Edward bestowed the town and fortress upon Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who built the castle and surrounded the town by a wall. The castle was of great strength and extent, and, together with the similarly situated fortress of Ruthin eight miles up

the valley, played an important part in finally crushing the independence of the district.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Owen Glendower, with a resolute band of followers, harassed the English by sudden descents upon the valleys, but failed to carry either of the fortresses. The Castle of Denbigh was held by various royal favourites, including Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. In 1645, Charles I. found a refuge for a time within its walls, after his retreat from Chester.

It was then held for the royalists by Colonel William Salisbury, and was besieged a year afterwards by General Mytton, who had previously reduced the Castle of Ruthin, and forced to surrender after a desperate defence of more than three months' duration. It was dismantled by the conqueror, and after the Restoration it was blown up with gunpowder, to prevent its becoming a rendezvous for the disaffected.

Generations before the foundation of its Castle by Henry Lacy, the hill fortress and town of Denbigh played no unimportant part in the struggle for independence. Saxons and Normans swept past it, eager for conquest or flushed with victory, to be driven sullenly back by the impetuous mountaineers, until the spirit of offence and defence was slowly crushed out of them by superior armies and numbers.

Denbigh has given birth to many men of distinction.

Richard Myddleton of Gwaynynog, Governor of the Castle in the reign of Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, was the father of nine sons and seven daughters. Of the former, three attained to distinction. One of them, Sir Hugh Myddleton, whose monument stands in Islington Green, rapidly realized a large fortune by his trade of a silversmith, and the lease of several lead and silver mines in Cardiganshire; all of which he spent in constructing the New River, for the supplying of London with water.

Notwithstanding that he exhausted his great fortune in carrying out this magnificent undertaking, he was treated with so much ingratitude and neglect, that he was compelled to earn his living in his latter days by following the profession of a surveyor. Although the great property he had created became of immense value within a few years, his daughter, a widow, when reduced to indigence, was denied the benefits of the Goldsmiths' Company, which her father had enriched, because her husband had omitted to take up his freedom as a Goldsmith.

Need we wonder after this, that it was two hundred and fifty years before the inhabitants of London erected a statute to the memory of this citizen of

Denbigh, who had done so much for the city of London, and had received nothing in return but cold ingratitude?

Another son, Thomas, became Lord Mayor of London, and was the founder of the family of Chirk Castle; and a third, named William, enjoyed considerable reputation as a scholar and poet.

Denbigh, into which Henry M. Stanley was ushered in 1840, is a thriving market town containing from five to six thousand inhabitants; the new town, on the lower slopes and round the bottom of the limestone hill, on which the ruins of the castle stands, is well built.

One street especially, called "Vale Steeet," is broad and lined with handsome buildings. This thoroughfare leads directly out of the Vale of Clwyd, and from almost every part of it enchanting views of the surrounding country are obtained.

Your Denbigh man believes religiously that the Valley of Clywd is the most beautiful and picturesque place in the world, and that "Vale Street," which winds its way up the slope of the hill, and forms the main thoroughfare of modern Denbigh, is "the finest street in Europe!" The old portion of the town, which clings jagged and irregular to the upper reaches of the hill, where it nestled secure under the

guardian fortress in the olden time, has a striking and picturesque appearance from a distance.

As railway enterprise had not reached Denbigh at the time of which we are writing, it was for five days in the week a dull and sleepy place, waking up into life and sociality when night turned the more convivial of the inhabitants into the bar-parlours of the various Inns and "Publics" to drink their beer and whisky-punch, smoke their pipes, and discuss the local topics of the day.

On market day the drowsy life of the town suddenly burst into feverish activity. Hundreds of people from the neighbouring districts poured into it to buy or sell, and a week's business on the part of the shopocracy had to be got through in a few hours; while their rural friends, after effecting their sales or purchases, had to do a week's drinking in an equally limited time. The streets were crowded with a motley assemblage of people who had business to do; and people who came to look on; stall-keepers, Cheap Jacks, ballad-singers, the cackling of fowls and the squeaking of pigs, making up a Babel of sound easier to imagine than describe. This day over, the town relapsed into its dreamy quiet for another week.

The interest of the townspeople was centred in

their own local concerns. Intelligence from the great world beyond reaching them only fitfully when some enterprising townsman returned from a visit to Chester; Shrewsbury, Liverpool, London, or any of the great centres of population.

The weekly newspapers of the period, filled as they mostly were with accidents and offences, served more to remind the good folks of Denbigh, and like isolated places, that their town was not exactly the centre of the earth, than to instruct them as to the spirit and energy which were rapidly changing the appearance of the country and the habits of the people beyond the ancient Cambrian boundary-line, and a wave from which, in spite of national prejudice, was destined soon to reach them, and stir them into life and energy.

The manufacture of gloves and shoes was carried on to a considerable extent, but business of any sort save on market-days was not conducted at high pressure.

The evenings were mostly spent by the tradespeople in the bar-parlours of the public-houses, or the two inns known respectively as the "Bull" and the "Crown." There they sat and smoked their pipes, discussing local politics and scandal, as they drank their ale and whisky-punch.

At such gatherings, Welsh was the language spoken in these days. If a stranger entered and addressed any one in English, all eyes would be turned upon him—not that they did not understand what was said, but the occurrence was so unusual as to excite curiosity as to the speaker, and raise questions as to his patriotism.

In the High Street there stood an old-fashioned roomy public-house, called the "Three Boars' Heads."

It had originally been a gentleman's house, and boasted a substantial appearance externally; internally it was roomy and commodious, and was a favourable example of a respectable country tavern. It is now transformed into a draper's shop. At the time of which we are treating it was largely frequented by the tradesmen of the place, and by the middling class of farmers and country people.

The most noted evening frequenter of the bar-parlour of this hostelry was a John Rollant, of Llŷs. He was a short, spare man, over fifty years of age; he stooped slightly, and his shoulders were drawn up as if in a continuous shrug, which, together with a pair of keen and restless black eyes, an upward twist of the corners of his mouth, and an angular inclination of his body towards the party he was addressing, gave him an appearance of sarcastic 'cuteness which a

closer acquaintance with the man and his ways did not belie.

He was possessed of a sharp and ready wit, and was not at all averse to practising it on any one who might dispute his authority on questions which came up over the "punch and pipes" at the "Three Boars' Heads." The loss of the bulk of his teeth made his speech somewhat incoherent to anyone not accustomed to it, and this was increased by the rapid jerky way in which he spoke, interrupting himself from time to time to spit, an accomplishment in which he would have beaten the greatest Yankee operator at a canter.

When one looked at the dry spare form of the man, this habit became a perfect marvel. It seemed as though all the juice in his wiry body, in addition to the liquor he imbibed, if turned into saliva, could not have kept up this incessant expectoration for even a single night. Now to the right and now to the left, he paid his respects to all the spittoons within reach, ejecting the saliva out of the corners of his mouth with a rapid and impatient jerk.

This peculiar habit was not only indulged in the bar-parlour of the "Three Boars' Heads" when the smoking of pipes might have excused, if it did not explain, its extent, but from his uprising in the morning until his retiring to rest at night, it went on without intermis-

sion. Indeed, among his friends, the odds could have been had in favourable terms that he spat in his sleep, and jerked it with unerring aim across the room into the fireplace.

It was worth some trouble to follow his conversation, as his remarks on men and things were keen, penetrating, and original, and were served up in humorous and witty language, the difficulty in utterance adding to their effect, just as the stutter of Charles Lamb heightened the flavour of his quaint jokes.

A friend who knew him well, tells, that to a stranger who met him for the first time his articulation was all but unintelligible, and resolved itself into what appeared to be a rapid and shrill repetition of the sounds, *nyat tat, tat, nyat tat*, a squirt of saliva breaking the rapid enunciation of the sounds every few seconds.

He had several set topics upon which he delighted to enlarge. One was a kind of "public-house sermon," upon what he was pleased to call "Screws." He divided his subject into several heads. There were the "Political" or "Election Screws." On this head he dilated with much racy humour and vigour upon the various local methods of putting a pressure upon voters, provoking much merriment by his sallies at the expense of local dignitaries, which would wax into a roar as he laid bare with a rapid and incisive stroke

the sins and backslidings, either active or passive, of any member of the company.

His second head, the "Cork Screws," in allusion to the drinking usages and customs of the place, afforded him ample opportunity of making fun of those unfortunate members of the local community who were in the habit of taking more liquor than they could conveniently carry, and on this head, as might be supposed, he had ample scope for personal allusion among his hearers. His third and final head, on "Chapel Screws," drew forth a pithy and scathing invective against the holders of "Chapel," or "Meeting House," influence in political matters. In short, old John Rollant's discourse on "Screws" was not unlike the farmers' sermon on Malt, vulgarly attributed to Swift.

Up to the period of which we are writing, and even down to a later date, the composition of poetry, principally of an impromptu order, suggested by the topic of the hour, was a duty from which no man of any parts could shrink without a confession of weakness.

Old John was not the sort of man to evade anything in which he saw others shine. Indeed, he rarely allowed a gathering at the "Three Boars' Heads." to pass without perpetrating an impromptu couplet or two.

We can only now lay hands on one effort of his in this way, and we are sorry that we cannot share in the high opinion the author held of it, if we are to judge from the frequency with which he repeated it when half seas over, and in the full tide of his fun and enjoyment.

As no man in Wales is considered worthy of a memoir, or even of a biographical paragraph in a newspaper, unless he has written some poetry, we are induced on that account, and partly out of consideration for the admirers of what is known in the Principality as the "Talcen Slip" order of poetry, to give it here.

Poetry is, or should be, the expression of some feeling of a character too lofty to be expressed in prose, and this couplet was John Rollant's method of giving utterance to his satisfaction at having acquired the fame of "Segrwyd," in addition to that of "Llŷs." He could make a living out of the latter; but the possession of the former in addition to it, enabled him to swagger, to use his own pithy way of putting it.

Here is John's famous couplet:—

"Byw yn y Llŷs er llês
Yn y Segrwyd mae swaggro."

It was usually before starting for home that he would repeat his favourite lines. You will generally

notice that a well-to-do man, when sober, will be very reticent about his circumstances, and yet will become boastful and communicative when he has had "a drop too much."

Old John Rollant was no exception to the rule. After he had risen to his feet and jerked out the lines, he would give you a knowing wink, and taking his purse, which was generally well filled, out of his pocket, and holding it up to his audience, would say in Welsh, "pwy caiff nhw," which being reduced into English, signifies, "Who'll get them?" or "Who'll take that from me?" Like many a good old toper, John was generous to others, and even to himself, in one thing only, and that was drink. It would have been much easier to get half-a-crown's worth of whisky-punch out of him, than a shilling to meet a pressing necessity.

Like many an agricultural *bon vivant* we have known in our time, John could manage to find his way home, with an amount of honest liquor under his waistcoat which would have rendered most men helpless; but John and his pony were used to these things, and had benefited by their training; once in the saddle, he was safe, however dark the way or inclement the weather.

A gentleman who knew John thoroughly, and

THE SWAN INN, VALE STREET, DENBIGH.



THE EVENING RESORT OF JOHN ROLLANT, THE YOUNGER.



has frequently seen him take his departure from the "Three Boars' Heads," tells us that it was a great treat, and we can quite believe him. He would rise to his feet as if to make for the door, but would stop a moment to reply to some remark made to him, when either forgetting that he had risen to go, or because he was unable to stand any longer, he would plump into his seat again. After this had happened several times the real start would be made, and no stranger who saw the thin limbs twisting under him, could have believed it possible he could reach home at all. It was even betting that he would require to be assisted out. When fairly in the street, he might not be able to see his pony, but when once assisted into the saddle, the spare little man became as it were a part of the nag itself, so certain was his seat. It was asserted of him, that he could sit his nag when he could not keep his balance on a chair.

The ambling trot of the pony made him sway from side to side in a way to suggest to the on-looker broken bones or neck as a certain result, but on no occasion did the pair ever part company, until John slid off in a heap at his own door; to be picked up and led to bed.

We have only known one man—and he was a solicitor—whose peculiarities in this way were as sur-

prising as John Rollant's. When he could neither stand nor walk, if he was helped on to his legs and accommodated with a shove to start him, he could run for a considerable distance at a rattling pace, but the moment he stopped he collapsed into his former helplessness.

On one occasion, after being assisted out of a ditch by a passing friend, he astonished him by challenging him to run a distance of half a mile, the loser to stand a drink. After being carefully planted on his legs, and the required impetus given, he started off and won in a canter, requiring to be set on his legs and started again for his run to the public-house where the liquor was to be discussed.

Notwithstanding his faults and failings, old John was much esteemed. He was upright in all his dealings and plain-spoken, and the possessor of talents beyond those of his class. He had received little or no education, but was gifted with an unusual stock of shrewdness and mother wit, which is oftener a richer endowment than the learning of the Schools.

Education would in all likelihood have spoiled this man, by making him less self-reliant, and less confident of his own powers. Without it, he was a shrewd, keen, and successful man of business, and into the bargain a genuine original, whose peculiarities

made him conspicuous among his fellows. With it, he would in all likelihood have been a very commonplace farmer, with nothing in his manner or habits to arrest attention.

This John Rollants, of Llŷs and Segrwyd farm, was the grandfather of the gentleman whom his countrymen are determined in identifying with Henry M. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone! The more knowing ones among them say they can recognize in the grandsire many of those qualities which have enabled the grandson to compress into his short career an amount of enterprise and bold adventure far beyond the common.

The sermon on "Screws," these quidnuncs aver, was reproduced in a higher form in the ready, trenchant, and courageous bearding of the Geographical *savans* at the meeting of the British Association at Brighton. There was, they say, the same sarcastic playfulness of manner, and the same ease and freedom which bespeaks the man who is master of the situation, and knows it thoroughly.

While John Rollant the elder was reigning supreme in the bar-parlour of the "Three Boars' Heads," John Rollant the younger was similarly employed in the bar-parlour of the "Swan."

John, junior, bore a considerable resemblance to

his father in appearance, and was marked by a few of his characteristics. He had many of his social qualities—one of them, at least, in excess, as it had much to do with terminating his career before he attained half his father's age. He was more reticent in his conversation, although considered amusing company by his associates; but he lacked his father's decision and energy of character. At the time of which we are speaking, he resided with his father at Segrwyd.

He was understood to have been paying his addresses for some time to a daughter of Moses Parry, butcher and grazier, of Plas Pigot, who shortly afterwards removed to a cottage within the ancient boundaries of the once proud castle of Denbigh. As we shall have frequent opportunities of speaking of parties living within the castle precincts, we may explain that their residences were generally spoken of as the "Castle."

Moses Parry was a middle-aged man, thick set, and of dark complexion. He was quiet and reserved, and had an appearance of sternness, but the half smile which accompanied his words, in addressing any one, gave evidence of his genial and kindly nature. As he was both an upright and good-natured man, he was held in much esteem by his neighbours.

It was generally supposed by the gossips that

“the course of true love had not run smooth,” in the case of John Rollant and the daughter of Moses Parry. Be this as it may, the courtship had been carried on in an intermittent sort of a way. Possibly, the sedate and cautious Moses Parry did not look with favour on the convivial and unenterprising son of his old friend, John Rollant. The young people, however, had their own way in the matter, and shortly after their removal to the Castle, good Moses Parry was presented with a grandson. Whether the elder Rollants objected to give his son a separate home, or from whatever cause, the mother resided with her father. Now it is the custom in Wales, when a child is born, to give the infant, as its first food, a teaspoonful of melted butter mixed with sugar; and when the midwife was about to administer this to the child, Moses Parry walked up to the kitchen fire, where she was sitting, and noticing what she was about, cried out in Welsh, “Aros! Aros!” (Stop, stop!) “let me put the first bit in his mouth!” Suiting the action to the word, he pulled a half-sovereign out of his pocket and placed it for a moment in the mouth of the child, remarking:—“I hope you will never be in want of a bite like that, my lad!”

This ceremony is supposed in Wales to bring luck.

Before his birth, the mother was understood to have visited the local "spaewife," and consulted her as to the sex and future of her child.

Notwithstanding the unsympathetic interference of magistrates, this is a very simple method of forestalling events, much resorted to by country people, and even by people in the great towns. An old and solitary woman of more shrewdness than her neighbours, acquires the reputation of being able to foretell the future; and she will be a poor hand at her craft if she cannot, in return for the shillings and sixpences she gets, cast a horoscope that will be in accordance with the desires of her clients.

We know nothing of the future predicted for the subject of our narrative. If it had been within a hundred miles of the reality we should have heard all about it. In spite of the fact that "the schoolmaster is abroad," there are a good many tolerably educated people in Wales who have not yet got rid of their respect for the "spaewife."

In due time the child was baptized. The ceremony took place in Tremeirchion Church, in the neighbourhood of which a daughter of Moses Parry resided. He was baptised "*John Rowlands*," the anglicized form of the Welsh *Rollant*; Mr. Robert Parry, of the "Swan" Inn, Denbigh, and Mr. J. Williams, mason, acting as sponsors.

Whit-Tuesday is held as a gala day in Denbigh, when all business is suspended, and large numbers of people from the surrounding district flock into the town. On that day the various friendly societies, male and female, walk in procession, headed by bands of music, to church, generally St. Hilliary's, which stands within the castle grounds ; the men afterwards dining at their respective club-houses, and the females regaling themselves with tea in the assembly rooms. In the afternoon, if the weather be fine, dancing is briskly indulged in on the castle green.

On the first occasion of the kind after the birth of John Rollant, tertius (we have now three of the name to deal with), his nurse came out of the cottage, with her charge in her arms, to witness the arrival of the various processions. Noticing John Rollant, secundus, gravely important in his proper place among his brethren, and being incited by a love of mischief, she darted forward, crying as loud as she could, "John Rollant, John Rollant, here ! mind this baby !" As might be supposed, this little episode upset the dignity of the grand procession, and led to much mirth among his acquaintances. It was some time before he heard the last of it.

Although old John Rollant did not approve of the step his son had taken, still it is known that he

possessed a kindly feeling towards his little grandson and namesake. One anecdote to this effect has reached us.

There was a scarcity of milk in the Parry household, and the nurse bethought her of stepping across with the infant in her arms to Segrwyd to try and procure some there. Arrived at the farm, she came across old Rollant, who, not knowing her, bluntly asked whose child she carried. After receiving the required information, he fondled the little fellow, dandled it in his arms, and then inviting them into the house, gave them the best refreshment it afforded, in addition to the milk they came after. This was no mere passing kindness, as she went to Segrwyd frequently afterwards on a similar errand.

When the child was about two years of age, John Rollant, junior, died, and as Moses Parry, the grandfather, died also about the same time (an event which broke up the household at the cottage, and altered the circumstances of its surviving inmates for a time), the infant had to be sent out to nurse.

The nurse selected was a Mrs. Richard Price, the wife of the verger of St. Hilliary's, who lived within the precincts of the castle. Fortunately the Prices and their family were good, kindly people; so that during the time he was with them the all but

friendless child thrive apace, and was treated as one of their own children.

By the time he was four years of age he was a fine, active boy, and had begun to give signs of being possessed of an inquiring turn of mind. He had just mastered his letters, although he had not got the length of understanding printed words. An incident belonging to this period is worth preserving.

The old verger, in addition to his duties at St. Hilliary's, was keeper of the Bowling Green ; and when the members assembled on special occasions to play, their refreshment beer was sent from a merchant in the town in a basket, on the side of which his initials, S. W. D., were painted in bold letters.

The child, who was toddling about, got greatly interested in the letters, and kept conning them over until a member of the family, noticing him, said,—

“ Well, John, what do they mean ? ”

The youngster repeated the letters, and answered in Welsh, — “ Byddigions,” which is the infantile word for “ gentlefolks.”

He had reasoned the matter out by putting the company, the bottles, and the circumstances of the “ bowlers ” together, and found that they represented a condition above his own.

This trifling incident indicates that even thus

early the child was thinking of a position better than that in which he was placed—a state of mind most likely to lead to emancipation from the hardships of his dependent condition, when the time and opportunity arrived.

For a short time John was sent to the English Free School, then kept by Mr. John Jones, now collector of highway rates for the district.

A few of the old residents remember the bright-eyed little boy while he was attending the Free School. A Mrs. Sarah Evans, of Bull Lane, a poor but kindly woman, and very fond of children, used to notice him frequently, and was wont to call him into her house and entertain him with bread-and-butter. “What would the poor do were it not for the poor?” is a blessed adage, never out of date.

He had not been long a pupil there when another misfortune befell him in the marriage of his uncle, Thomas Parry, to Mrs. Williams, a widow, who kept, and still keeps, the “Golden Lion” Inn. Like his father, Thomas Parry was a butcher, and, like him, he was possessed of a kind heart, and had, out of his limited means, for a considerable period, contributed to John’s maintenance.

This substitute for fatherly care having failed him, the family at the Bowling Green had to consider

what was best to be done with the friendless child.

After a time he was admitted into the Public school at St. Asaph. The Price family were much attached to the genial and sprightly little fellow, and regretted the necessity which compelled them to part with him.

When the time came for John to be removed to St. Asaph, as he could not be sent by the coach, nor could he walk, he was mounted on the back of kindly Mrs. Price's son Richard, a strong lad of about sixteen. His old nurse Harriet Jones, who would appear to have been sincerely attached to the child, trudged on by his side a good part of the way.

This was his first entrance into the world, for the kindness of the Prices, old and young, had made their house a home to him while there.

If his memory carries him back to that singular journey, he will remember the kindly Richard Price who carried him on his stout shoulders, and the loving nurse who accompanied him part of the way, both striving to make the journey pleasant to him, and cheer up his spirits.

Young as he was, he could not fail to feel the pang of separation from the good people who had been to him as father and mother, and sisters and brothers.

We can imagine this odd, yet to us strangely interesting, party tramping along the beautiful road which leads from Denbigh to St. Asaph. They would stop now and again as the young man required a rest, and all their efforts would be called into play to enliven the journey.

Passing Plas Clough, which would most likely be a place he was acquainted with, the party could see in the distance the village of Tremeirchion, where John was baptized. Beyond this they would pass the singular mansion of Bachygraig, built by Sir Richard Clough in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the ground floor of which consists of a vast hall and parlour, and the upper structure of six stories, surmounted by a cupola ; and as each story is narrower in area than the one below it, the building has a pyramidal form.

The builder of this curious house once occupied a menial position in Denbigh, and inherited as unpromising fortunes even as those of little John Rowlands. Removing to London, he was apprenticed to Sir Thomas Gresham, ultimately becoming one of the wealthiest merchants of his time. Dying in Antwerp, where he had settled, his heart, according to his own instructions, was removed from his body, placed in an urn, and deposited in the church at Whitchurch.

If he was too young then to feel any interest in such a story as this, we may be sure he knew all about it in after years, when he was in the habit of passing between St. Asaph and Denbigh.

No doubt, the career of the poor Denbigh boy, who became a great merchant, would have its influence in future years, but the lesson was only half learned, for Sir Richard Clough thought so much of the district which had witnessed his humble beginnings, that he built a house there, and when death took him, caused his heart to be sent to moulder in the scene of his early trials and difficulties.

The scenery would hardly affect him much, but he would not fail to look with childish awe over the lofty single arch which spans the Elwy at a height of a hundred feet above the stream.

There was the nurse to bid good bye to, amid sobs and kisses, when she turned back to Denbigh, and he would hardly have got over this parting, when he would have to leave stout, kind-hearted Richard Price at the gate of the School, into which he would be led by the porter and introduced to his new class-fellows.

In a day or two the grief at parting would be spent, and he would be living a new life with new associations, which, if not so homely as those he had

left behind him, would be for a time more exciting and fuller of incident.

The School would appear to have been well managed, so we may believe that during the ten years he spent in it, his friendless condition would be made as little apparent as possible. Mr. John Williams, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, was master at this period. He was a good and upright man, in the best sense of the words, and made it his especial care to see that the children under his care were kindly and properly treated.

That the education of the children was well attended to by Mr. Francis, is evidenced by the good use the fatherless boy has been enabled to make of it since. Mr. Francis took a real interest in the progress of the children under his charge, and when they left the School he invariably presented them with a book, toy, or piece of money according to his discretion.

The Board of Management then included several gentlemen known to be of a truly philanthropic character, and some of the neighbouring gentry, to their credit, would visit the School, and invite the children to spend a day in their grounds. Days these of simple enjoyment, but sufficient, for all that, to form eras in their monotonous lives.

The "rough and tumble life" of a school quickly tests the mettle of a boy, and we know from many sources that John Rowlands very soon took a leading position amongst his fellows by right of his intelligence and bold spirit.

The more intelligent and trustworthy of the boys were frequently sent on errands to Denbigh, always receiving a few coppers to spend on themselves. On one occasion John and several companions invested their pennies at an apple-stall kept by an old woman, who is still alive.

She was struck by John's appearance and intelligent manner, and remarked that if he got a little schooling he would come to something good.

Years afterwards, when John visited Denbigh as Mr. Henry M. Stanley, she recognized him at once, and said,—

"Did I not tell you he would come to something? I knew he would."

By-and-bye his progress in the class-room was so marked that he was employed to assist in keeping the accounts. Arithmetic and geography were his favourite branches of study; he was also very fond of music, and was possessed of a good voice and ear.

The only boy in the school who approached him

was a lad named Barnabas Williams, who afterwards, on leaving the School, went to America, and has not since been heard of.

Mr. J. Hughes, of Llandudno National School, in a letter written the other day, says that Mr. Williams, the head master of the School at the time of which we are speaking, asked him if he knew John Rowlands, explaining that he had taken particular notice of him. On his saying that he did, and detailing his Abyssinian experiences, &c., under the name of Stanley (Mr. Hughes has got hold of the Welsh idea, you see), the old gentleman brightened up as if he were speaking of a long-lost son of his own, and marked his expression of satisfaction by saying,—

“I thought he would be a wonderful fellow.”

Another gentleman informs us that while at St. Asaph's School he manifested great anxiety for learning, and was an immense favourite with the teacher, who often expressed the opinion that some day Rowlands would turn out to be a distinguished man.

The Bishop and clergy of St. Asaph took a great interest in the children, and frequently visited them to note their progress.

On one of these visitations by the Bishop, the children were all standing in a row for the purpose of



JOHN ROLLANT, SENIOR.

(Giving a Recitation on "Screws." See p. 25.)

being examined by him. John's proficiency and intelligence were so noticeable that the Bishop was struck with it, remarking to the master that as he was now a well-grown lad, it would be advisable to have him put to some trade. Advancing towards John, the Bishop patted him on the head and said,—

“Well, my lad, what trade would you like to be apprenticed to?”

Quick as thought, the lad replied,

“To that of a Bishop.”

This is so good that one could wish to be really assured of its truth.

No doubt if the sharp and intelligent boy had been put to that line of business, he would have soon pushed his way into the front ranks. One of his class-fellows is at the present time a Church of England clergyman in North Wales, and is much respected both for his goodness and his learning.

If the incident did occur the worthy Bishop was more amused than offended, for on the occasion of the children's visiting the Palace on the following Christmas, he again took special notice of John, and presented him with a Bible and a piece of money, remarking to the attendant who accompanied the

boys, "John Rowlands is a very clever lad, and if he has health will make his mark."

He would appear to have cherished the Bible presented by the Bishop, for on his being invited to the Palace on his visit to Denbigh after the close of the American war, he carried it with him.

It was the habit of the Bishop to invite the children to the Palace every Christmas, when, after they had been entertained with tea, cake, and fruit, and had heard words of encouragement and instruction, they were allowed to amuse themselves in the Palace grounds.

On this particular occasion, some drawings of John's were brought specially under the Bishop's notice, with which he expressed himself highly satisfied.

John's ability and general intelligence were matters of pride to all, and we are glad to know that there were some, at least in Denbigh, among his old friends who were interested in him, and did not grudge a journey to St. Asaph to inquire regarding his behaviour and welfare.

A brother of Harriet Jones, John's old nurse, called, and no doubt would please his sister and the Prices with the excellent report he got of John's doings from Mr. Williams, the master of the school.

Mr. John Story, the clerk of the school, was an accomplished man, and took a pride in instructing the more intelligent lads in those essentials of a commercial education which were outside the province of the appointed schoolmaster.

John and others, in return for this care and attention on his part—which was quite gratuitous—assisted him in his labours—a method of repayment which could not fail to be more valuable to the lads, as an element in their training, than to him as a help in his daily work.

John was equally distinguished in the playground. The gentleman we have already quoted tells us that he was noted for his high spirit and determined will; and a gentleman who at present holds an official position at St. Asaph, remembers that, when he used to visit his grounds with the rest of his schoolfellows, he was the leading spirit in every bit of fun.

From the character usually given of John Rowlands we may readily guess that he was perfectly able to take care of himself among boys of his own years, whether by his intellect or his fists.

Fighting is a branch of an English schoolboy's education which is never neglected, and in quiet corners of the buildings and grounds of the school plenty of opportunity was found in the settlement of little dis-

putes, for any one to acquire a proficiency in the "noble art of self-defence."

It has been reported that John ultimately ran away from school, after a severe fight with one of his fellow-pupils, being ashamed to show himself with the marks of the conflict on his face and clothes.

This, it would appear, had been a desperate encounter with a boy about his own size and age, and had been fought out with great determination on both sides; the result being, if not a victory for John, a drawn battle. He was dreadfully mauled, his nose and eyes bearing decided marks of the punishment he had received.

We are inclined to doubt his having run away on account of a fight. A barber, whose place of business is near the Cathedral, and who remembers John Rowlands well, avers that he saw him leave, and that Mr. Francis, the teacher, came out with him. As Mr. Francis had not got a sixpence in his pocket to give John, he borrowed one from the barber, and gave it to him, after which the boy bade them an affectionate adieu and started off to seek his fortune.

The books of the school throw no light upon this matter. The one containing the entry of his admission is lost or mislaid, but the entry relating to his departure may still be seen. We reproduce it :—

1856

DATE.	NAME.	PARISH.	CLASS OF DIET.	DESTINATION.	CHARACTER.
May 13, Tuesday.	John Rowlands.	Denbigh.		Gone to his uncle at the National School, Holywell.	

The entry under destination is wrong. It should read, "Gone to his cousin at the National School, Brynford."

Curiously enough, this is the only entry in the book in which the column for character is left blank. This could arise from nothing to his prejudice, as we have it on the most reliable authority that he was the favourite of all, both inside and outside the School; the report of the head master to one of our Correspondents being of the most flattering character.

Mr. J. Hughes, already quoted, who knew John Rowlands well when he was with his cousin at Mold, tells us that "He burst the trammels of Bumbledom three times." Mrs. Parry, of Vale Street, Denbigh, tells that on one occasion he presented himself at her house, at an unusually late hour, and without any companion—circumstances which, taken in conjunction with his sheepish look, led her to suspect

that something was wrong. On asking him some questions, she found he had run away. After consulting with some of her friends, John got supper and went to bed.

Next morning he was sent to St. Asaph in the coach in charge of the guard, who had strict orders to leave him at the School. Before he left, Mrs. Parry gave him a sixpence, which gratified him much and reconciled him to his return. Years afterwards, in speaking of this incident of his life, he spoke of the feeling of being rich, which the possession of that sixpence gave him.

A gentleman at St. Asaph hints that although Mr. Francis was in his company when he left the School, he may have left surreptitiously for all that. Mr. Francis, he says, was very fond of young Rowlands, and had a high opinion of his abilities.

As there had been some talk of apprenticing him to a trade, which in all likelihood would have been one involving manual labour, and distasteful to the high-spirited boy, Mr. Francis may have sympathised with his desire to be free and assisted him in carrying it out. Probably he also knew that there was some kind of situation open to him with his cousin at Brynford.

Some years after this, Mr. Francis became insane

and was removed to the Denbigh Lunatic Asylum, where he died soon after his admission. He was an excellent teacher and a worthy man. His kindness and attention to the children under his charge were beyond all praise. We have heard it said that the great bulk of his limited salary was spent in presents to the boys.

The day of his emancipation, as we have seen, was Tuesday, the 13th of May, 1856. Whit Tuesday, as we have already mentioned, is a great gala day in Denbigh. No doubt he would proceed there first, and partake with them in the amusements of the day on the Castle Green—the place where the first four years of his life had been passed.

His cousin, David Owen, at the time he left St. Asaph, was the National School teacher at Brynford; but shortly after John joined him he removed to Mold, to keep the National School there. At both places John acted as pupil teacher.

Mr. Hughes of Llandudno, who knew him well when at Brynford and Mold, gives an interesting account of him. He speaks of finding a copy of Johnson's "Rasselas" on his table, and describes him as being possessed of "an indomitable will, that really knew no impediment to its purpose. . . . His youthful struggles, the character of his reading, and his

bold, inflexible nature, eminently fitted him for adventure."

He says, further, that he does not think there is any one who knew him better than he did when he was with his cousin. "I knew," he says, "every ingredient in his nature, I thought, and used to sum him up as a full-faced, stubborn, self-willed, round-headed, uncompromising, deep fellow. In conversation with you, his large black eyes would roll away from you as if he was really in deep meditation about half-a-dozen things besides the subject of conversation.

"He was particularly strong in trunk, but not very smart or elegant about the legs, which were slightly disproportionately short.

"His temperament was unusually sensitive; he could stand no chaff, nor the least bit of humour."

This being his character, as sketched by one who knew him well, we are not surprised that his cousin was jealous of him, and that they did not agree well together. Finally matters came to such a crisis, that he was either dismissed by his cousin, or he left Mold at once on his own responsibility.

Whether John Rowlands was dismissed or left of his own accord, after a violent difference with his cousin, we do not know for certain; but his friends say that his departure was so precipitate that he was

totally unprovided with means, unless the possession of some sixpence in coppers can be looked upon as a fitting capital with which to begin the world.

Several trustworthy correspondents inform us that, as the gossip of the time went in Mold, the jealousy of his cousin, because of the rapidly developing ability of John Rowlands, manifested itself in a way the most galling to his high spirit, viz., the putting him to menial tasks in addition to his school duties.

According to this version of the affair, after a skirmish of words between them, the cousin threw down his boots to John Rowlands, with a rough command to clean them at once. This was "the last straw that broke the camel's back," in his case. John stood over the boots for a few minutes, debating in his mind whether he should submit to this insulting treatment or not. The trials and difficulties the future might bring to one in his penniless and friendless condition would be carefully weighed against the humiliating routine of his daily life. He was not long in deciding; he threw down the boots, and walked straight away!

He was now nearly sixteen years of age, and what sort of youth he was we learn from his friend, Mr. Hughes. He had read Johnson's "Rasselas," and

no doubt other works treating of foreign countries, of a more modern and useful character.

America would be familiar to him as a country in which a young lad of his years and circumstances might hope to make a position for himself; and he would know that Liverpool was the great port from whence to start for that land of promise.

He did not hesitate a moment as to his course of action, nor do we hear that he took any one into his confidence or asked for any assistance.

We can fancy the high-spirited and resolute boy starting on his long tramp to Liverpool; the feeling of wounded pride that raged within him manifesting itself outwardly in rapid strides along the turnpike road. By-and-bye, as the strong physical exercise reduced the excitement of his mind, and he had got beyond the district where everything was familiar to him, and not likely to thrust itself upon his attention, he would be able to think calmly of the step he had taken, and of the probable trials it might have in store for him.

But the proud boy, who even thus early had impressed his fellows with a high idea of his determined will and uncompromising character, was not at all likely to think for a moment of returning to his bondage. He had made up his mind to face the

world, and proved himself equal to the conquest of his adverse circumstances, just as in after life he determined to force his way through Persia and Turkestan to Bombay, and from Zanzibar to Ujiji to look up Dr. Livingstone, and accomplished both feats. The inflexible purpose which animates him is well supported by a perfect comprehension of the difficulties to be encountered in any given undertaking, and the best ways and means of conquering them.

As he got into a part of the country to which he was a stranger, with the curiosity natural to youth, his mind would be much occupied with what he saw. If he went by Chester, which is on the high road, its quaint architecture and its famous Rows—streets passing through what should be the second floors of the houses, with shops below and shops on one side—would excite his curiosity ; its walls, forming a perfect cordon of stone, pierced by four gates, and its Castle and Cathedral, would certainly be objects of interest to him.

From Chester to Birkenhead his way passed through a rich agricultural and pastoral country, studded with quaint old villages, having an appearance of comfort and plenty certainly superior to that of his native country.

John Rowlands had never been but a short

distance from home before, and he knew nothing, save through books and the talk of his friends and acquaintances, of the world outside his own county. He had formed his ideas of life from the dreamy routine and gossip of a country town.

To a young lad of his training and experience, the bustle and activity of a great commercial centre such as Liverpool is a very revelation. Everything is new and strange, and past experience seems only worth remembering as a contrast to the fuller and more exciting present.

The great docks crowded with ships loading and unloading, the vast number of seamen of every nationality under the sun, the thousands of emigrants down by the wharves and floating stages, bargaining with Jews and slop-sellers for bedding, tin ware, and the food required for the voyage, make up a picture that would not be lost upon a keen-eyed and observant boy like John Rowlands.

Land sharks, male and female, of grades lower than the regular slop-sellers, who prey upon sailors and emigrants, he would see in plenty, but having neither money nor belongings, and not looking like the possessor of either, they would pass him unheeded, save the making him the object of a foul curse if he came in their way.

The past to him had been dreary enough ; he was now poor as he could be, Heaven knows ! but a new life seemed to open up before him as the bustle went on around. But there were immediate necessities that pressed themselves upon his notice as night approached. The few coppers left would procure a scanty meal ; but where was he to sleep until the morning ? Penniless and friendless, a bed was not to be thought of ; so after wandering about until almost fairly tired out, he turned up a quiet street leading from the docks, where there was a house the door of which projected inwards beyond the walls, affording a slender shelter to the homeless lad. Here he coiled himself up, and hungry and tired as he was, slept soundly until the morning.

His reading and adventurous character had induced him to think of trying his fortune in the New World, but as the cheapest fare at this time was three or four pounds, and he was penniless, how was he to get there ? The only chance that remained to him was to work his way across. After trying first one ship and then another, he finally arranged with the captain of a New Orleans trader to go as a cabin-boy, or extra hand.

Passage as an emigrant, in an emigrant ship,* is

* The cotton traders from New Orleans to Liverpool are frequently

quite bad enough, as readers of the *Daily News* during the month of September last will have learned, but a passage in the same ship, as an extra hand, going for the first time to sea, is an experience which few who have ever passed through it will recall with pleasure. However, John Rowlands had made up his mind to bear it, and the first sharp lesson tried his quality.

The unfortunate holder of such a position on board ship is usually the slave of all the crew, and is put to all sorts of menial tasks. The value of his passage has to be taken out of him in work, and he is lucky if he escapes a plentiful share of kicks and curses in addition.

In due course the ship dropped down the Mersey, passed the bar, and proceeded on her way. Passing down Channel the estuary of the Dee would be seen off the port side of the vessel, and the familiar hills that look down upon the Vale of Clwyd, till now to him the centre of all his interests. On the starboard side, the Isle of Man would show faintly in the distance, the coast of Ireland would be skirted till, fading gradually from view, he found himself on the wide Atlantic.

fitted up (in the roughest possible manner) as emigrant ships on their return voyage.

A youth's first voyage is an event never to be forgotten in after-life. The entire novelty of everything connected with it; the boundless sea, and the limited space in the ship; the strict discipline, and the early hours, so different from what he had heard and read of rollicking sailors on land; the settling down to the duties of the ship; and then the desire and anxiety, increasing each day, to reach the distant port, and be on land once more, would so engross the mind of John Rowlands as to leave little time for brooding over present hardships.

Indeed, the voyage and its experiences must have been of singular interest to our hero, and, in a measure, have prepared him for the strange sights and wild scenes he was so soon to witness. When the ship was speeding on her course, and all was taut and trim on board, there were intervals of leisure in which the sailors spun him long yarns about tropical New Orleans, the wonderful Gulf Stream, and the mighty Mississippi, and painted such a glowing picture that the trials of the voyage were forgotten in the brilliant future possible for him in the country so near at hand.

At last, after being nearly two months at sea, the welcome cry of "Land!" made his heart beat fast and John Rowlands caught his first sight of the New

World. The ship had sighted one of the Bahama islands, and in due course the Tortugas reefs were passed, and the coast of Florida rounded.

The Gulf of Mexico is about as strange and fascinating a part of the world as a young Britisher could wish to find himself in. The people are not very barbarous, nor very uncivilized, but there is a lazy languor and ease about them, a prodigality and luxuriance in the vegetation, and even in the very air, which captivates the youth who has been accustomed to a hard, matter-of-fact life, and longs for something in the Robinson Crusoe style.

Boats, filled with fruit of enormous size, and in charge of dusky fellows, wearing great straw hats, come alongside; and as every particle of tobacco and other luxuries in the ship have long since been used up, a brisk marketing in fruit and tobacco is soon in full swing.

Miles away from the mouth of the Mississippi, the brown turbid sea tells of the vast volume of water it pours into the Gulf; and if any of the crew were learned enough he would be told how the warmer waters of this great river materially assisted in forming the Gulf Stream, which, from its higher temperature, gives us our humid genial climate, and keeps our rivers and seas from being frozen up during

THE THREE BOARS' HEADS, VALE STREET, DENBIGH.



THE EVENING RESORT OF JOHN ROLLANT, THE ELDER.

winter, like the Baltic and the estuaries of its inflowing rivers.

Great tug-boats are prowling about in search of ships requiring towing up to New Orleans. John Rowlands never saw craft like these before. They resemble enormous flat-bottomed boats, and have a fire on deck, the glare of which at night on the open sea may be seen for a long distance. Between the two funnels or smoke-stacks, a tall ladder is placed, and perched upon the top of it is the lookout man.

Signals being exchanged, one of these huge, ungainly craft comes alongside, and the sailing vessel is taken in tow, and soon they are on the broad waters of the Mississippi.

New Orleans is about 100 miles up the river, and every mile of the ascent would be of deep interest to John Rowlands. The old picture-books he knew so well at Mold and St. Asaph, giving illustrations of the sugar-cane, the cotton-plant, and broom-corn, are now realized. Here, on a mud bank, lay an alligator, while its fellow dropped lazily into the murky stream; there, a lot of niggers were at work on a tobacco or cotton plantation, the overseer noticeable from his white pants and broad straw hat, just as the picture-books had shown them.

At length New Orleans is reached, the ship is secured

alongside the "Levéé," the hands are discharged, and John Rowlands steps on shore a free man—for no one there above fourteen cares to be called a youth—in a free country, and with his fortune before him.

Instead of going further up the Mississippi, to the healthier Western States of Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, as emigrants usually do, the condition of John Rowland's finances made it necessary for him to seek a berth in New Orleans.

Although such a deadly town, being built on a drained marsh, beneath the level of the river, New Orleans, or the Crescent City, as it is often called, has fascinations of its own, which would induce an older emigrant than John Rowlands—who was not old enough to trouble himself about its unhealthy climate—to brave its perils. The remains of its French origin are conspicuous in the manners and customs of the people; and its amusements are numerous and varied. There is less drive and hurry than in the more practical New York. Wages are higher, and not so much work is expected in return.

After many inquiries in the business thoroughfares John Rowlands found there was a vacancy in the office of a merchant of the name of *Stanley*, and managed to secure the appointment. John's intelli-

gence and activity soon attracted the attention of his master,—and, in all likelihood, the trials of his early years excited his sympathy and touched his heart. Mr. Stanley, having no children of his own, became after a time so attached to Rowlands, that he promised to take charge of his fortunes, and adopt him as heir to the bulk of his property. This induced him—and no doubt his master approved of the step—to assume the name of Stanley; and from this time forward—with only one exception, as we shall see—he invariably subscribed himself, HENRY M. STANLEY.

Mr. Stanley's sudden and unexpected death before he had executed a will, again threw our hero upon his own resources, as the relatives took possession of everything, and were not likely to look with a kindly eye on the young man who had so narrowly escaped coming between them and what they would naturally suppose to be their rightful inheritance.

Their treatment of him must have been exceedingly harsh, as in the letters sent by him to his friends in Wales at the time he complains bitterly of their conduct.

When his friends and acquaintances in Denbigh and its neighbourhood heard that John Rowlands had changed his name, they were not surprised. In Wales, nothing is more common than for a man, when he has

achieved some success as a writer, to assume a bardic or literary patronymic, which he generally prefers to his proper and baptismal name.

The change of name being thus satisfactorily established, we shall, for the remainder of our narrative, speak of the John Rowlands, whose fortunes we have so far followed, as HENRY M. STANLEY, a name which he has now made well known throughout the civilized world.

There was one of his relations in Denbigh who did not receive the announcement of Mr. Stanley's change of name with the tolerant feeling accorded to it by his other friends and acquaintances. This was good Mrs. Parry, his aunt, of whose kindness to him when at St. Asaph we have already spoken.

On the occasion of his visiting Denbigh, several years after the events we are now detailing, she took him sharply to task for having adopted an *alias*.

"What is the meaning of this, John?" she said; "honest people in this country don't change their names, and you can't better yourself by doing so."

The good lady had her patience tried even more severely on account of a like offence occurring in the family some years afterwards. Mr. Stanley's half-sister, Emma, in recommending herself for a situation

in the Denbigh Grammar School, was so proud of her brother and his achievements, that she actually adopted his name, and subscribed herself "Emma Stanley." Mrs. Parry liked the second offence even less than she did the first, and she expressed herself with considerable warmth to the culprit herself.

"What, another preposterous change of name in the family? Why should you make a fool of yourself in this way? People will only laugh at you—and serve you right, too."

After the death of his master, there is a period of nearly two years, during which we have little trace of Mr. Stanley's doings or whereabouts. Were it not that we look upon his letter to Mr. Ollivant as a good joke at the expense of his Welsh friends, we should conclude from his statement therein that he was in Arkansas.

When the American Civil War broke out, as might have been expected of a young man of his temperament, he enlisted in the Confederate Army. In speaking of this episode in his career several years after, he is reported to have said that "he joined the ranks of the enemies of his country, because he knew no better." During his service with the Confederates he took part in all the engagements fought by General Johnstone, up to and including the battle of Pittsburgh

Landing. The battle commenced on Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862. The first day's fighting resulted in the defeat of the Federal forces under General Grant, but the latter, being reinforced by General Buell, renewed the engagement on the following day, and defeated the enemy ; General Johnstone being among the killed. Many Confederate prisoners were taken in the retreat, among whom was Mr. Stanley.

While being conveyed with a number of others to prison, Stanley determined on effecting his escape and in the most daring manner burst through the armed escort, and, plunging into a river, swam across and got clear off. More than a dozen shots were fired at him, but he escaped without a scratch. In speaking of this adventure to his friends, he jokingly attributed his getting off in safety to his small size.

He returned to England immediately after making his escape, and on arriving in Liverpool, went straight to North Wales and visited his mother at Bodelwyddan, where she was then staying. As he was nearly penniless, and did not present a very thriving appearance, his reception among his friends was not encouraging. Meeting with so little sympathy, and seeing no opportunity of bettering his position if he remained in Wales, Stanley returned to Liverpool in

nearly as helpless circumstances as on the occasion of his first visit.

In the interval, he had fortunately discovered that one of his father's relatives (an uncle, we believe) resided in Liverpool. Making his way to his uncle's house, he was well received, and took up his abode there for several months, and found employment during the day in a subordinate position in a merchant's office. Quarrelling with a cousin, of about his own age, he shipped for America without a moment's warning, and being very scantily provided with means, worked his passage a second time across the Atlantic.

As he landed in a Federal State (New York), he was exposed to arrest as an escaped Confederate prisoner, but he got over this difficulty in a manner highly characteristic of his enterprising disposition. He enlisted as a common seaman in the Federal Navy.

His entering the Federal Navy after serving in the Confederate Army need occasion no surprise : it was the readiest career open to him, and one that would protect him from any unpleasant consequences on account of his previous connection with the Southern Army. As he had only spent four years in the Southern, and a few weeks in the Northern States,

and these the closing years of his boyhood, he could hardly look upon them as having much claim upon him of a patriotic kind.

He entered the Navy early in 1863, and rapidly obtained promotion. Young men of Stanley's mettle soon pushed their way to the front in the heat of the deadly struggle between the North and South. In a brief sketch of his life, written by himself for a friend in Denbigh, with the contents of which his old friends are familiar, he says that at the end of a month's service he was promoted to be clerk of the ship (the *Ticonderoga*). At the close of the fourth month, when his intelligence and ability became known, he was appointed secretary to the Admiral—the *Ticonderoga* being the flag-ship.

These apparently unwarlike appointments did not prevent him from embracing opportunities of showing the stuff that was in him, and his next step in promotion was the fitting reward for a most gallant and daring exploit.

In the heat of an action he swam 500 yards under the fire of a fort mounting twelve guns, and fixed a rope to a Confederate steamer, out of which the crew had been driven by the Federal fire, thus enabling the *Ticonderoga* to secure her as a prize.

He was raised to the rank of ensign on the spot,

with a salary of £350 per annum. He would appear to have still fulfilled one or other of his former clerical duties, as he speaks in the memoir alluded to of having managed by hard work to increase his pay by £100 per annum.

He fought in several engagements, both on sea and land, and concluded his fighting career as a naval officer, by taking part in the second attack on Fort Fisher, on the 13th of January, 1865. The Federal fleet was supported by a strong military force under General Terry, but this great stronghold did not surrender without making a desperate defence, in the course of which many lives were lost by the attacking forces.

Ten months after this decisive engagement, the *Ticonderoga* was sent on a cruise, and arrived at Constantinople in the summer of 1866. Getting leave of absence, he went direct to England, and stayed some time with his mother at her house at Bodelwyddan.

He visited Denbigh several times, and there are dozens of friends there who remember seeing him, and noticing that he was dressed in American naval uniform. He was in better circumstances than on the occasion of his former visit, and no doubt found his stay more agreeable.

He paid several visits to distant places, and on one occasion called upon Mr. Laing, the well-known photographer at Shrewsbury, for the purpose of having his likeness taken in his United States naval uniform.

Six years later, when his discovery of Dr. Livingstone had given him a world-wide fame, Mr. Laing remembered young Stanley calling at his studio, and at once printed off a number of copies of his photograph, and it was this portrait, representing him as a youthful naval officer in a not very well fitting frock-coat, which first did duty in the London stationers' windows before the Stereoscopic Company took him, sunburnt and grey-headed, in a dozen different positions.

Although every one knew that he had assumed the name of Stanley, he was thought of and addressed as *John Rowlands*, and singularly enough for the time being he re-assumed his original name.

On visiting the old Castle, which must have brought many of the associations of his early days to his mind, he made the following entry in the "visitors' book":—

December 14th, 1866.

. *John Rowlands, formerly of this Castle,* now Ensign in the United States Navy, in North America, belonging to the U.S. ship "Ticonderoga" now at Constantinople, Turkey, absent on furlough.*

He visited the public School at St. Asaph, and this visit became a red-letter day in the minds of the children, as they were regaled with tea, buns, and sweetmeats—all, we presume, at Mr. Stanley's expense. In his old name he addressed the children at considerable length. In the course of his remarks, he pointed out the great usefulness of such an institution, and told them how thankful they should be for the kindness shown to them; he reminded them that he had been for years a scholar there himself, and that any progress he had made in the world, and any success he might hereafter attain, he would attribute to the excellent education he had received there. The same advantages were enjoyed by them,

* We have already explained that the house in which he was born was within the old boundaries of the Castle, and that it, and several other houses so situated, were spoken of as being in the Castle—in fact "the Castle."

and the same opportunities of success and advancement in life existed for them as for him. He concluded his address—which was much applauded by the children—by intimating that he would visit them again at the earliest opportunity.

It is not difficult to imagine the excitement which such a visit and such an address would create in the School.

The sight of the handsome young man, in his naval uniform, would, we hope, lead many of them to feel that, notwithstanding adverse circumstances, a bright future might yet be in store for them. Here was one who had been nearly round the world, and had been helping to make history as a soldier and a sailor, who only ten years previously was in exactly the same position as themselves. The dull, monotonous routine of their daily life had been illuminated for them by this visit. And from that time they would know that in the great world there is room even for the fatherless and the friendless.

The Board of Management of the School were very much pleased at this visit. One of their number tells us that “he came gratefully, and, I may say, gracefully, to see his former acquaintances, and to return thanks to the Governors of the School for the kindness he had formerly received, and to show how

well he had merited the indulgence shown to him, and the hopes formed of him."

Many people, both at Denbigh and St. Asaph, remember this visit, and speak warmly of the pleasure his appearance and manifest success in life afforded them.

We have already alluded to the old apple-woman at Denbigh, who knew him in a moment as the St. Asaph schoolboy whose successful future she had predicted years before. He was very desirous of taking one of the boys from the School at St. Asaph with him, and the Governors regretted much they could not do this; none of the boys being at that time old enough to warrant their being sent out into the world.

As all our informants speak emphatically as to the excellent management of the Public School at St. Asaph, and as Mr. Stanley himself bore striking testimony to this in his visit to it recorded above, we have made special inquiries regarding the daily routine observed in it.

After prayers, breakfast, and the learning of lessons, the children attend in the school-room from 9 a.m. until noon, when dinner is served. After dinner the time is devoted to play until 2 p.m., in the grounds or in the house, according to the state of the

weather. From 2 to 4 p.m. the boys over nine years of age are either employed in cleaning inside the house and in keeping the grounds in order, or in shoemaking, tailoring, gardening, &c. The children under that age are again in the school-room from 2 to 4. From 4 to 8 p.m. is devoted to play, with the exception of the time required for supper and prayers.

The children, as we have seen, receive a good, plain English education, and are now, we believe, as fortunately situated, as regards the zeal and qualifications of the teacher, as they were in the days of good Mr. Francis.

There are usually from 40 to 45 boys in the School, and from 25 to 30 girls. The girls are instructed in sewing and other household duties.

The dormitories contain from ten to twelve iron bedsteads apiece. The children sleep in couples; a boy or girl of over nine years of age having as bed-fellow one of the younger boys or girls, for whose safety and comfort they are considered answerable.

The Bishop and Clergy of St. Asaph and the district, as we have shown, take a warm interest in the welfare of the children. Any boy showing more than ordinary intelligence is encouraged, and the bent of his mind discovered, so that he may be put to the trade or business most suited to his abilities and desires.

This supervision, together with the kind interest taken in the amusements of the children by the neighbouring gentry, cannot fail to have a marked bearing in their progress and future.

Altogether, the Public School at St. Asaph may be spoken of as a model institution of its class; the outside sympathy and active interest brought to bear upon it being to the full as important and valuable as its admirable internal management.

Before leaving, he left with his mother a photograph of himself, taken shortly after his second visit to America. Another photograph, taken soon after his arrival in New Orleans, with an inscription in his own handwriting on the back, originally sent to a cousin, a son of his Aunt Parry's, was then in his mother's possession.

At this date, and long afterwards, as we shall see, John Rowlands and Henry M. Stanley were one and the same person to the good folks of Denbigh, and Mr. Henry M. Stanley made no difficulty as regarded his being recognized as John Rowlands, of Denbigh and St. Asaph's.

On leaving Wales, at the expiration of his leave, he did not rejoin his ship, but went direct to New York, nor does it appear that he ever rejoined her. Possibly, as the Civil War had come to a close, he

resigned his commission, seeing no prospect of speedy advancement.

Prior to this Mr. Stanley had been the hero of a most extraordinary adventure. On the appearance of the reports of the discovery of Livingstone by Stanley, and a facsimile of a letter addressed by the former to Mr. Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, a Mr. Lewis H. Noe wrote to the *New York Sun*, giving the details of what, according to his showing, was a mad hare-brained travelling exploit of Mr. Stanley, a Mr. Cook, and himself. As Noe's account of this adventure is mixed up with a large amount of virulent abuse of Mr. Stanley, and as he makes charges against his character as a man of honour and a gentleman, which have not been substantiated, we will not draw on his account for the incidents and accidents which befel the party. We only allude to Mr. Noe's statement, because it was owing to its publication that the details of the journey became known.

Mr. Stanley has been the hero of so many marvellous adventures during his brief career, that he evidently does not think it worth his while to enter into any of the details of this particular exploit. Fortunately, Mr. E. Joy Morris, at that time United States Minister to Turkey, while clearing Mr. Stanley from

THE CROSS FOXES, GLASCOED.

Near St. Asaph.



KEPT BY MRS. JONES, THE MOTHER OF HENRY M. STANLEY.

the charges made against him by his former travelling companion, gives us strange details of this mad expedition.

It would appear that Mr. Stanley was the leading spirit and initiator of this adventure, Mr. Cook and Mr. Noe being induced to join him from their admiration for his adventurous character.

They landed at Smyrna, a place which in itself, and on account of the important part it played in ancient times, as related in classical and Biblical history, was very likely to suggest itself as a starting-point to a bold and imaginative young man, who was desirous of becoming acquainted with strange peoples and foreign lands. Mr. Stanley would have no difficulty in submitting to his two friends a tempting programme of the country they proposed to explore, and of the sights, ancient and modern, that would arrest their attention in and around the city from which their journey would commence. Perhaps no city and district in the East, save Jerusalem itself, is so rich in associations likely to impress the youthful mind. Let us glance at a few of these attractions.

Smyrna, the largest and most important city in Asia Minor, is of unknown antiquity, and has even been claimed by some as the birth-place of Homer. It is beautifully situated at the head of a spacious

bay, and occupies the level ground at the base and the sloping sides of Mount Pagus, which is crowned by the ruins of a once mighty citadel.

It was the "crown of Iona" of the ancient, and is the "Izmir the lovely" of the modern, Turk.

It was the seat of one of the "Seven Churches" of the Apocalypse, and its remains are now more perfect than those of any of the others.

Ephesus, forty miles to the south, and Sardis, fifty miles to the east, have almost nothing to show of their ancient grandeur, save a ruin-strewn plain; while Pergamos, now Bergama, forty-eight miles to the north; Thyatira, now Ak-Hissar, sixty miles towards the north-east; Philadelphia, now Alla-Shehr, eighty-five miles to the east; and Laodiceæ, now Eske-Hissar, 120 miles to the south-east, are only unimportant Turkish villages.

At Ephesus the ruin and destruction are so complete that, until recently, no traces of the famous Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world, could be found.* The ruins of its Theatre, however, where Paul delivered his famous address to the "Men of Ephesus," can still be distinctly traced.

The scenes of several of the great exploits of

* A drum belonging to one of its columns, with sculptured figures, has recently been placed in the British Museum.

Alexander the Great are close by. Mount Ida, which looks down upon the plains of Troy, is not far off, and within a fortnight's journey mountains rivalling the Alps in grandeur can be reached, while the entire country offers a boundless field for adventure.

The population of Smyrna is over 150,000, one half of whom are Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and representatives of all other European countries; the other half are Turks. The Frankish quarter extends along the shore, and is handsome and well-built, boasting clubs and reading-rooms and other places of civilized resort, equal to those at any second-rate European city. The streets are filled with a motley crowd of bearded and turbaned Turks, veiled Turkish women, Greek women in their classic garments, made so familiar to us in ancient sculptures, sailors of all nations, dervishes, camels, and camel-drivers.

The famous caravan bridge across the Meles, which passes through a portion of the town, is constantly crowded with files of camels bearing bales of merchandise from the far East, and forms an interesting and animated scene to the European stranger.

After a stay of about a week in Smyrna, the party procured horses, and departed unattended into the interior, with that reckless audacity characteristic of youth and high courage.

When little more than a day's journey from Smyrna, they stopped to rest during the heat of the day. Mr. Stanley had retired to some distance, leaving Mr. Cook and Mr. Noe resting under the shade of some trees adjoining a vineyard. Mr. Cook had fallen asleep, and Noe, with all the imprudence of a boy—he was barely nineteen years of age—set fire to some scrub near where Mr. Cook was reclining, with the view of giving him a fright, a practical joke which brought consequences with it not dreamed of by the youth.

The fire having caught the dry scrub, spread to the vineyard, and did a good deal of damage before it could be extinguished. Noe fled to Smyrna; Mr. Stanley and Mr. Cook were arrested and taken to the nearest guard-house. As their papers were found to be all correct, and Mr. Stanley threatened the local authorities with all manner of pains and penalties if they were detained, they were set at liberty after spending a night in durance.

Stanley and Cooke returned to Smyrna, and, after finding Noe, started again for the interior. Mr. Stanley was so angry with Noe, that, when they got clear of the town, he gave him a sound caning, and to this bit of "discipline" we probably owe the attempt on the part of the latter gentleman (spoken of later

on) to injure his old friend in the eyes of the public.

All but ignorant of the language and customs of the people, and totally unable to withstand the attack of any armed band of Turkish robbers they might come across, the three young men travelled for some sixteen days, and reached Chi-Hissar, about 300 miles from Smyrna. They received little kindness from the people they came in contact with, and were invariably cheated in any transactions they had with them.

From the insolent attitude of the people, it was quite evident to anyone—except, of course, to these ardent youths—what treatment they would receive, should they make the slightest mistake in their movements.

Near Chi-Hissar, Noe had been guilty of some imprudence, which exposed him to personal chastisement on the part of an armed and truculent-looking Turk, the chief of a gang of brigands. In the excitement of the moment Stanley drew his sword,* and struck the Turk a blow over the head, which must have killed him but for the folds of his turban. As it was, he was stunned; and his followers beginning to assemble, and looking dangerous, Stanley and his

* Mr. Stanley appears to have a liking for this particular weapon. Readers of the letters detailing his journey to Ujiji, will remember that he was armed with a formidable sword when he left Zanzibar.

friends mounted their horses and galloped off towards the mountains.

Knowing nothing of the route they were pursuing, they rode right into the robbers' head-quarters, and were immediately seized, stripped of half their clothing, all their papers and money, and grossly ill-treated. Poor Noe fared worst of all, as he was led aside and treated in a manner so peculiarly shocking, that neither Mr. Stanley nor himself explain the nature of the indignity put upon him.

Imagining that they might have hidden money and valuables just before they were captured, the robbers had recourse to several methods of torture to induce a confession as to where such might be found. They drew them up over the limbs of trees with ropes and lariats round their necks, and sharpened tulwars in their presence, with many a threat as to the chances of their throats being cut.

Having, at the end of several days, come to the conclusion that they had no more money than had been found upon them, the robbers determined to escape any consequences that might result from their ill treatment of the Franks, by making a charge against them of having nearly murdered one of their number in an attempt at robbery. With this view they took their prisoners to Afium-Kara-Hissar, about

twelve miles further into the interior, and brought them before the Cadi.

The charge of attempted murder and robbery was laid before the Cadi, supported by an amount of detail and witness-power, which might have resulted awkwardly for the luckless travellers but for the ready wit and keen eyes of Stanley. He had noticed that several of the robbers had some of his and his friends' papers and belongings concealed about their persons.

Addressing the Cadi, Mr. Stanley said that so far from having attempted to rob their captors, they themselves had been robbed of everything they possessed, and if certain members of the party were searched (here he pointed with his finger to some of the robbers) evidence of his assertion would be found.

On the men being searched, the papers and other property of the travellers were, as Stanley had said, found upon them.

This discovery produced a reaction in the mind of the Cadi which Stanley knew well how to improve. The case was desperate, but the daring young fellow was quite equal to it. He had been long enough in America to know how to flaunt the stars and stripes—and to throw the consequences likely to ensue from insulting it in the persons of citizens of the country

that owned —in the face of a Turkish magistrate, exercising his office within 300 miles of an accredited representative of its Government.

The result was that in the course of a few minutes the relative position of the parties was changed.

The Turks were at once placed under arrest, and sent to Broussa for trial. The three travellers, minus what little money they originally had, were in a sorry plight as regarded their backward journey.

A Mr. Pelesa, of the Ottoman Bank at Afium-Karahissar, to whom Stanley made known their circumstances, gave them some clothing, as they were all but naked, and a small sum of money, which enabled them to start on foot for Constantinople. The courage and genius which had carried them so far when mounted on horseback, armed, and provided with means, were as nothing in comparison with the generalship displayed in finding their way back in so helpless a condition.

In going to Constantinople instead of Smyrna, we can recognize Mr. Stanley's sagacity. At the capital of the country the potent representative of the United States was to be found, and Stanley was shrewd enough to know that justice in Turkey was as laggard as it was uncertain, and would require the most rigorous efforts to make it move and operate in the right direction. Uncle Sam's "tallest" repre-

sentative in these parts was required to waken up the Oriental mind to a proper respect for the persons and property of those he claimed as his children, and no time was lost in appealing to him.

Mr. Stanley found an opportunity of informing Mr. E. Joy Morris, the United States Minister to Turkey, that three American citizens were bearing down upon him, ragged and bruised, who had been robbed and maltreated by infidel robbers; and Mr. Morris, who was then staying at his country residence, Bujukdere, on the Bosphorus, repaired to the Embassy at Constantinople to receive them.

Mr. Stanley was evidently, even then, quite aware of the power of the press in matters of this description, as he forwarded before his arrival in Constantinople a graphic and telling account of their misadventures to the *Levant Herald*.*

This prompt and skilful generalship on the part of Stanley made them the heroes of the hour with the Frankish community when they arrived. Mr. Morris and the American Consul-General were waiting to receive them, and notwithstanding that they had been prepared for witnessing a case of suffering and destitution, the forlorn appearance of the three youths startled them. Mr. Stanley's clothing, if clothing it

* Given at the end of this work.

could be called, consisted almost exclusively of a single over-covering; he had neither shirt nor stockings, and his companions were in no better plight.

Mr. Morris would appear to have been a model minister, for he at once advanced Mr. Stanley £150 without security of any kind.

When Mr. Noe, Stanley's companion in this Eastern excursion, recently wrote an abusive letter to the *New York Sun*, Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*, directed a reporter to interview Mr. Morris, who was then residing at Atlantic City. The reporter readily found the ex-Minister, and at once despatched intelligence to his journal. The first subject which occupied his attention was the personal appearance, occupation, &c. of the gentleman:—

“Mr. Morris is small in stature and slight in frame; but the delicate face and the high, open brow give evidence of a rare intellect and a keen perception of human nature in all its phases. His cottage fronts on the sea; and when I arrived I found the ex-Minister reading a copy of the *Herald* containing the account of the search expedition to sleepy Sayville,* and he was laughing heartily at the narrative.”

In answer to the question whether he had assisted

* The Reporter had interviewed Noe a few days before (see quotations later on), and evidently felt proud that an ex-Minister should have been reading his account when he waited upon him.

Stanley with money, Mr. Morris said: "I relieved his more pressing necessities and advanced him a loan of money to procure an outfit for himself and his companions. I considered it to be my duty to do this, both as American Minister, and as an American who was bound by the tie of nationality to stand by my countrymen in distress. . . . I advanced the money as a loan, asked for no security, nor was there any offered. Some time after, Mr. Stanley inconsiderately gave me a draft, but I looked upon this as altogether superfluous, and did not attach much value to the act, though it may have been well meant. The draft proved valueless, but it is unnecessary to enter into details of a transaction which has been long satisfactorily settled between Mr. Stanley and myself. . . . I may state, however, that the action of Mr. Stanley was superfluous in another way, as Mr. Cook, Stanley's fellow traveller, came to me after the money had been sent and assumed all responsibility connected with the loan, stating that if the money was not recovered from the Turkish government he would personally indemnify me, giving me his American address. . . .

"The Turkish outlaws were taken to Broussa, on the Sea of Marmora, and after some time had elapsed they were placed upon trial. As there was no

American Consul at the place, I obtained from Lord Lyons a promise that the British Consul, Mr. Sandison, should watch the trial and attend to the interests of my clients, Stanley, Cook and Noe, who were all present as witnesses at Broussa.

“The Turks were placed upon trial and attempted to defend themselves, but the evidence against them was overpowering. Some of the effects of Stanley and his party were found upon their persons, including 300 dollars which the party carried, and they were convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

“I had Stanley and the others draw up an inventory of the effects which had been lost, and they attested to the losses upon oath as being in every instance correct. I then forwarded the claim to the Turkish Minister, including the money advanced by myself, which of course, was included among the losses. The entire amount, as near as I can recollect, was about twelve hundred dollars, and the claim was prosecuted on our part with the greatest vigour and pertinacity.

“Stanley and Noe left for England, and Cook remained some time behind settling affairs. Before separating, an agreement was entered into between them and me that if I recovered any money it was to be sent to Cook, as, I believe, it was he that bore the

expenses of the journey to Smyrna. Soon after Cook left also. I urged the claim time after time upon the Turkish government, but did not meet with much success, as there was no disposition shown to pay, and at length I was about to abandon the prosecution of the claim in despair when the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Saferet Pacha, called upon me at my residence and offered to compromise the case by giving a smaller amount, alleging that the Sultan did not wish the shadow of a difference to exist with the United States over the affair. I had some conversation with the Grand Vizier, Ali Pacha, about the same time and to the same effect, and I accepted the proposition in the amicable spirit in which it was offered.

"The money was paid, and I first took out of it the £150 which I had lent. According to my agreement, I was to have deducted interest, but I did not do so, merely taking the exact sum. The balance of the money I sent to Cook. I forgot to say that when I thought the money could not be recovered I sent instructions to my lawyer in Philadelphia to communicate with Cook and remind him of his promise to repay. This was done, and Cook acknowledged his indebtedness, but, at the same time, stated that he wished to know if I had exhausted all reasonable efforts to recover from the Turkish Government. Of

course, when the claim was allowed, no repayment on his part was necessary."

On being asked by the *Herald* correspondent when he saw Mr. Stanley again, Mr. Morris said: "During the last year of my official residence in Turkey. In that year a distinguished American clergyman called upon me at the embassy and asked me, did I remember anything about a person named Stanley. I answered in the affirmative, and he then stated that Mr. Stanley had desired him to call relative to a long-standing debt of £150, which, he believed, was owing to me, which had never been settled, and which he was desirous to pay. I told the clergyman (who is now, I think, a professor in Dickinson College) that the matter had been long settled, and that I had been paid. The gentleman further stated that Mr. Stanley desired to call upon me, and I replied that he was at perfect liberty to do so. The same evening Mr. Stanley and the clergyman, who were both stopping at the Hotel de Byzants, called, and by invitation remained to dinner. The two gentlemen had come on from Egypt together, and the clergyman had an admiration which almost amounted to veneration for the character of the *Herald* correspondent."

Reporter—"Was Mr. Stanley much changed in his appearance and manner?"

Mr. Morris—"Wonderfully. The uncouth young man whom I first knew had grown into a perfect man of the world, possessing the appearance, the manners, and the attributes of a perfect gentleman. The story of the adventures which he had gone through, and the dangers he had passed during his absence, were perfectly marvellous, and he became the lion of our little circle. Scarcely a day passed but he was a guest at my table, and no one was more welcome, for I insensibly grew to have a strong admiration, and felt an attachment for him myself. Instead of thinking he was a young man who had barely seen twenty-six summers, you would imagine that he was thirty-five or forty years of age, so cultured and learned was he in all the ways of life. He possessed a thorough acquaintance with most of the eastern countries, and as I took an interest in all that related to Oriental life, we had many a talk about what he had seen and what I longed to see."

The reporter winds up his labours in a way characteristic of the license permitted to the American press :—

"Thanking Mr. Morris for his courtesy, the reporter withdrew, more than ever impressed with the opinion that Noe is not, nor ever has been, anything

but a——” (here the reporter employs terms which are far too forcible for our narrative).

English travellers complain bitterly of the difficulty in getting the British lion to wag his tail in foreign parts, when that sublime animal ought to be roused into activity for the benefit of the unfortunate. We trust our representatives abroad who may happen to read the above, will profit by it when some unfortunate Brown, Jones, or Robinson falls among thieves in his reckless holiday wanderings.

We may mention that Mr. John Livingstone, a brother of the great traveller, who resides in Canada within some twenty miles of the Falls of Niagara, was also visited, and copies of his famous brother's letters to him, received at different times, were got from him for reproduction in *fac-simile* in the *Herald*.

The reporter tells us that when John Livingstone arrived at his present residence, all his belongings, animate and inanimate, were conveyed there on a sledge. His prosperous condition as a store-keeper and farmer is minutely detailed, and the inscription on his sign is reproduced in capital letters in such a way as to lead us to believe that it, like Dr. Livingstone's letters, is presented to the reader in reduced *fac-simile*. The family history is given in minute detail, and from it one is pleased to find that a worthy

Stanley arrived in America the second time Entered in the United States Navy as an ordinary seaman. The first month he was promoted to be the clerk of the Ship - "Ship's Writer" - The fourth month he was appointed a Secretary of an Admiral, and for swimming 500 yards, and tying a rope to a Captured Steamer, while exposed, to the shot and shell of a battery of ten guns was promoted to an Ensigncy with a salary of £350 per annum. By working hard he managed to make the sum £150 per annum. He was in several battles on land, as well as on the water, and was engaged in the last great battle on sea between the Rebel and the Union Fleet Fort Fisher, which took place January 16th 1865. Two months afterwards, the ship in which he was was sent to cruise. It made a voyage nearly round the

man who found his position a hard one in his own land, like thousands of his countrymen, has found success in the Far West, although the rehearsing it in the columns of a newspaper is somewhat of a shock to our ideas of propriety. But an American "interviewing" reporter considers nothing sacred; if his victim has a pimple on his nose, or looks as though he had had too much liquor the previous night, he makes a note of it without compunction.

But the most extraordinary feature connected with this Yankee custom of interviewing all sorts of people in the interest of newspaper readers, is the resignation with which the party interviewed submits to the torture. The ancient mariner who held his hearer with "his glittering eye," was not a whit more potent than a New York reporter when he pulls out his note-book, without any further preliminary than, "I have called from the *New York Herald* to learn all that you know about so-and-so." The victim patiently permits himself to be cross-examined in a style that would do no discredit to an Old Bailey Counsel.

So thoroughly did the *New York Herald* work the Stanley-Noe business, that some thoughtless persons actually went the length of saying that the *New York Sun* was the property of Mr. Bennett, and that that astute gentleman did not regret the appearance of the

Noe charges at a time when the interest in the great feat he had accomplished through Mr. Stanley was beginning to flag.

The date of the expedition from Smyrna is given by Mr. Stanley, Mr. Morris and Mr. Noe, as "the summer of 1866." During this time, as we have seen, Stanley was an ensign in the United States Navy. He was in England on leave of absence towards the end of that year, the entry in the visitors' book at Denbigh Castle, bearing date December 14th, 1866.

The explanation of the apparent conflict between his service on board the *Ticonderoga* and his journey from Smyrna is, that he may have originally intended to employ his leave of absence in this journey, but abandoned it altogether after the misadventures which befell it, and went to England.

Our supposition is beset with difficulties. We have seen that when he presented himself before Mr. Morris at the American Embassy, he was all but naked; if the *Ticonderoga* had been at Constantinople at the time, or even if she had gone, and he had had the uniform with him in which he figured in Wales, he would hardly have introduced himself in such a guise as he did. Mr. Morris's silence in regard to his connection with the Navy, which would have

been an additional inducement of great weight for him to exert himself in his behalf, is singular, seeing that he is so minute in all other respects. A man of Stanley's ready wit, would hardly fail to comprehend that the United States' uniform would have been more potent with the Minister of that country than the ragged garments, eloquently as they spoke of the sufferings he had endured.

Mr. Morris tells us that Noe accompanied him to England, and the latter, in his letter to the *New York Sun*, states that he visited with him at the house of Stanley's uncle in Liverpool.

Early in 1867, Mr. Stanley returned to the United States, and for some time acted as correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*, and the *New York Tribune*, in General Hancock's expedition against the Kiowa and Cheyenne Indians.

Mr. Stanley's letters are filled with details of horrible massacres of the whites by the Indians, provoked, according to his account, by the long-continued ill-usage they had received at the hands of the former. We can only find room for his account of one notable instance of Indian vengeance.

A band of Sioux Indians made a raid upon the railway near Fort Kearney, over two hundred miles to the west of Omaha.

Meeting several telegraph repairers, they slew and scalped them, one man only, James Thomson, an Englishman, escaping with his life. We give his account of it, as reported by Mr. Stanley :—

“‘He (the Indian) took out his knife and stabbed me in the neck, and then, making a twirl round his fingers with my hair, he commenced sawing and hacking away at my scalp. Though the pain was awful, and I felt dizzy and sick, I knew enough to keep quiet. After what seemed to be half an hour, he gave the last finishing touch to the scalp on my left temple, and as it still hung a little, he gave it a jerk. I just thought then that I could have screamed my life out. I can’t describe it to you, it just felt as if the whole head was taken right off. The Indian then mounted and galloped away, but as he went he dropped my scalp within a few feet of me, which I managed to get and hide.’ . . . Drs. Peck and Moore of this city (Omaha), will endeavour to reset the scalp on his head, and they are confident they can do it well. As he is a strong man, it is expected that he will recover health and strength.”

The Indians had blocked up the line in order to upset the trains, murder the passengers, and plunder the baggage. Poor Thomson could have stopped the train if the Indians had not been about him, but

he had to lie there in his agony, knowing that it was going rapidly on to destruction.

After the crash, and as soon as every man found in the train had been despatched, "The Indians commenced breaking open the doors of the cars with their tomahawks. They then threw out boxes of dry goods, consisting of fancy silks and worsted shawls, laces, calicoes, domestic linen, paper collars, boots and shoes, blankets, hats, and one box of assorted ribbons. This last seemed to take their fancy greatly, as they decorated themselves with long pieces of various colours. As they galloped along they streamed behind, causing them to look like May-day mountebanks.

"The ponies were also decorated in every conceivable manner. . . . Kegs of whisky were taken out, and bungs knocked in, and copious draughts of the fire water were drunk in honour of the victory over the pale faces and the 'heap heap wagon.' Towards morning, the Indians set fire to the wreck, throwing fire from the furnace inside the box-cars among the furniture."

Another train would have run into it, but for the escape and presence of mind of the conductor of the ruined train, named Kinney. Feeling certain that the accident was the work of Indians, he quietly jumped down, "after securing a red flag, and ran with all

speed backward along the track to meet the train, whose reflection was seen glaring brightly like a star above the dark horizon. The yells of the Indians sounded savage and shrill to the lonely man running for life, who was ever looking anxiously behind. .

. . . . Onward he sped gasping for breath, the blood almost gushing from his parted lips and dilated nostrils. Almost unable to stand, he staggered like a drunken man on the track, and allowed the rays of the powerful reflector to fall upon him while he energetically raised his flag. The engineer of the train happily saw him, and immediately whistled 'down brakes,' and the train was safe.

"Some people," Mr. Stanley goes on, "assert that white men led the Indians to the work. This cannot be true, however, as no person ever saw a white man leading them, if you will except Charley Bent, a half-breed, son of Colonel Bent, of St Louis. The young fellow is capable of the most atrocious deeds. . .

. . . . He is the most malignant enemy of the whites among the Indians, and would stop short at nothing to obtain scalps."

One letter concludes with the following pertinent remark :—

"Why can't the American people make lasting and true treaties with the Indians? our Canadian neigh-

bours do so. It is scarcely a year ago that the 'Crows,' friendly Indians, tore up the paper treaties—or what you may please to call the pieces of paper which are given them."

It was on his return from this expedition, we believe, that he, along with a companion, built a raft, and floated down the Platte river to its confluence with the Missouri, a distance of 700 miles.

This was an exploit strikingly illustrative of the enterprising character of Stanley, for we may safely assume that it was instigated by him. Travel by the lumbering stage down the valley of the Platte, for 700 miles, would have been a dull and prosaic method of finding his way back to civilization after several months' raid against the Indian tribes of the far west. A raft voyage was not without its dangers; the Indians might prove hostile, an unexpected encounter with a snag might shiver the raft into its respective fragments and drown the two voyagers, or a grizzly bear might pay a visit to their night encampment on the banks of the river and make an end of them. But dangers like these would only give a zest to the adventure.

The valley of the Platte, or the Nebraska as it is commonly called, is not a very fertile region, and consequently not in favour with settlers. As the high

road to Oregon passes up the valley along the course of the stream, every twelve or fifteen miles there is a station where the stage changes horses, and the passengers procure refreshment. But for these, miles would be passed without seeing a single white man.

For a great portion of its course, the river has made for itself a smaller valley, bounded by picturesque bluffs of various-coloured clay. Over these the grassy hills of the prairie can be seen, relieved in many places against a background of lofty mountains. On the more commanding of the heights, they would see the ruins of those forts, the scene of many a fierce struggle between the red men and the pale-faces, generations ago, when the former attempted in vain to stay the stream of energetic life pressing on to occupy the land of their fathers. The soil between the ruin and the clay bluffs is exceedingly fertile, and is covered with willows and cotton wood, from which a Pawnee or a Sioux Indian would now and again emerge to gaze upon the lonely voyagers.

A bear or a buffalo, exercising a like curiosity, would afford them a chance of using their rifles, and the abundance of game at particular places would tempt them—as they could stop or go on at their pleasure—to enjoy a day's sport. We can fancy Stanley stopping at an Indian encampment, and

holding a palaver and smoking the pipe of peace with grave chiefs, or astonishing the younger red-skins by his reckless courage in a bear or buffalo hunt. At the stage-way houses, or the *ranch*e of a settler who made agriculture, and cattle, horse, and pig breeding subsidiary to the keeping of a dram and provision store, several pleasant evenings would be spent in the company of the rough and hardy emigrants on their way to Oregon.

After passing through the great central prairie, the primeval forest closes in upon the river, and the sound of the woodman's axe would ring almost continually in their ears, telling them that they were rapidly approaching the region of civilization, where they would have to resort to a more prosaic mode of locomotion.

Shortly after his return to New York, he received the appointment of travelling correspondent to the *New York Herald*, at a salary of £600 a year—a position for which his ability, daring character, and great experience in travel admirably fitted him.

His first important duty in this new capacity was to accompany the forces under the command of General Sir Robert (now Lord) Napier, for the relief of the English Captives detained by King Theodore at Magdala.

In passing through England on his way to Abyssinia, he met several of his family by appointment in London, and made them acquainted with his position and prospects. On this occasion he informed them that for the future he wished to be known only as *Henry M. Stanley*.

While in America he had never lost sight of his relations, but maintained a constant correspondence with them, and when in Abyssinia he communicated with them as opportunity offered.

His correspondence with friends at Denbigh was not confined to his family; a young lady, whose acquaintance he made there, in 1866, received many letters from him. It was to this young lady that Stanley sent the brief memoir of himself which has already been alluded to. Although condensed into a few pages, giving a brief account of his life from his earliest years down to his departure for Abyssinia, it has passages of power and pathos, which would have been no discredit to the pen of Charles Dickens. It concludes with a remark, to the effect that, with a salary of £600 a year, a farm of his own in Iowa, and still below middle age, he might review his career and prospects without fear.

With this same lady, who knew him both as John Rowlands and as Henry M. Stanley, he left a card

which identifies him as the correspondent of the *New York Herald* at Madrid.

When we consider the trials which beset his early years, and that every step he had gained was the result of his own unaided effort, his position was one on which he might fairly enough congratulate himself.

His duties as correspondent of the *New York Herald* were admirably performed. His reports were written with great dramatic power and vigour, and he could boast that, by his energetic activity, he stole a march upon his English brethren, and was able to publish intelligence of the fall of Magdala in the columns of the *New York Herald* a full day before it was known in London—even to the English Government.

The English officers who accompanied General Napier, well remember the active correspondent of the *Herald*. He was invariably spoken of as "the Yankee," and the skill he showed in travelling, and in managing his tent and baggage, astonished some of the old Indian campaigners. On one occasion they all thought Stanley had got lost, or had been carried off, with baggage and attendants, in the night. But after a few hours, the *Herald* correspondent turned up safe and sound. He had only been trying a fresh route.

The arrangements Stanley had to make for the quick transmission of intelligence to Massowah, and thence to New York, must have cost the proprietors of the *Herald* an enormous sum of money. But with a millionaire, in the person of Mr. Bennett, at his back, Stanley cared nothing for expense. His instructions were to get the "earliest intelligence," and that he sent off regardless of cost or of his own comfort. The books published by English officers upon the Expedition contain many allusions to him, and we believe Stanley himself tells an amusing anecdote of an English military swell, glass in eye, who suddenly came across him in a particularly wild spot in the African desert, and calmly surveyed him from head to foot, without moving a muscle of his face or saying a word. The swell particularly wanted to make an enquiry of Stanley as to the direction of the road, but he dared not open his mouth—he had not been properly introduced to "the Yankee."

However, to get back to England.

Immediately on his arrival in London from Abyssinia, he wrote to his mother, asking her to visit him in London, and to bring his cousin (a daughter of Mrs. Parry) with her. Mrs. Jones, who by this time had removed from Bodelwyddan, and was keeping the "Old Castle Arms," within the castle grounds at Den-

bigh, lost no time in informing her sister-in-law of this request, adding, that her son was to pay all expenses. As Mrs. Parry declined to let her daughter accompany her, Mrs. Jones took one of her own daughters—who was then staying in a situation at Rhyl—with her, and spent a couple of days with her son in London.

Shortly after the return of Mrs. Jones and her daughter, to Denbigh, Mr. Stanley paid a visit to that town, taking up his quarters at the “Old Castle Arms” with his mother. He brought several Abyssinian trophies with him, among which were two native helmets, a staff, and a curious smoking cap and pipe. These were shown to all the visitors at the house.

He was now a man of note, and when the news of his arrival spread, his friends flocked to see him, and the townspeople called in at the “Old Castle Arms” to drink their beer and inspect the trophies. He brought two photographs with him (both still in the possession of Mrs. Jones). One had been taken in Constantinople, and has Arabic characters on the back; the other had been taken in Africa, and included his Indian boy Abdoola, who accompanied him in the expedition. The latter picture, according to the account of those who have seen it, did duty in the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, after the discovery of Livingstone, as Stanley and his boy Kalulu.

Stanley stayed for some weeks at his mother's house, rarely going out, and employing most of his time in writing. His old friends saw little of him, and were inclined to be disappointed at his seclusion.

This retiring habit was so singularly at variance with his practice during his former visit, as to give rise to considerable talk among the good folks of Denbigh. *Then* the smart young naval ensign hunted up all his old friends and acquaintances, appeared to be particularly pleased at being recognized, and was not at all reticent on the subject of past adventures and present circumstances. *Now*, the Denbigh folks were beginning to be proud of their townsman, but could not imagine why he declined to be made the lion of the place during his stay.

As the correspondence with the young lady we have already alluded to came to a close about the time of this visit, the more gossiping among them hinted at *this* as a reason for his not making himself so familiar as before. They could no more imagine that he could be too busy to be bothered with them, than that he could find amusement in setting their tongues and pens going to prove he was a Welshman, by a jocular denial of his country.

Among other things left with his mother at this time was a copy of a history of "The Abyssinian War,"

with his name stamped upon it, and a Scrap-book, containing copies of his articles contributed to the *Missouri Democrat*, written when with General Hancock's expedition. While at Denbigh an addition was made to this scrap-book, which illustrates greatly the pleasure it gave him to recall some of his boyish experiences. Visiting an old friend, he was shown several drawings he had executed while at St. Asaph. He at once recognized them, recalled the circumstances under which they were made, and appeared so pleased at seeing them, that his friend begged his acceptance of them. Mr. Stanley thanked him warmly for this thoughtful kindness, and placed them in the scrap-book along with the newspaper cuttings.

After he had gone, when friends and acquaintances dropt into the "Old Castle Arms," Mr. Stanley and his fortunes, for a considerable time, formed a subject of conversation. A gentleman informs us that on one occasion, when his name was brought up, his half-sister said, "Where do you think my brother is now? I have just heard from him." No one being able to guess, she said, "Why, he is in Madrid!"

What Mr. Stanley was about during the interval between his departure from Denbigh in 1868, and his start in search of Dr. Livingstone in 1871, can be gathered from several sources. He was in Madrid

during the revolution which resulted in the flight of Queen Isabella, in his capacity of correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and visited several other of the great cities of Continental Europe.

A correspondent of the *Daily News*, who "interviewed" him during the meeting of the British Association, in reporting what he said in regard to the conducting and providing for his expedition in search of Livingstone, makes him say that—

" 'If I had not had my experience in Abyssinia during the war, in Persia, in Crete during the rebellion, and in the Caucasus, to guide me, I should have failed ; and this simply because I should have cumbered myself with the wrong things, or have set out with too many men, or have been otherwise unpractical. But with a man like Bennett at my back, and neither routine, nor jealousy, nor aught else but failure to fear, what had I to do but find Livingstone ? ' "

Mr. Stanley was present at the opening of the Suez Canal, and was met at Suez by Mr. J. Macgregor, of *Rob Roy* canoe celebrity, who was then on his way to the Jordan. Mr. Macgregor says in a note to p. 42 of "*The Rob Roy on the Jordan*":—

"At Suez I met the foreign correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who was waiting there to receive Dr. Livingstone, then expected every day. This active

Dec 14² = 1886.

- - - John Rowlands
foundry of this castle, now
ensign in the United States
Navy in North America
belonging to the U.S. ship
"Secondario" now at
Constantinople. Turkey.
absent on funeral

little Yankee had accompanied the armies of India, Sadowa, and Abyssinia, and had now £1,000 ready wherewith to telegraph to the American press every word he could get from the lips of the explorer. Such world-wide interest has this hero of Africa ! ”

Mr. Morris, the United States Minister to Turkey, whom we have already quoted, says that he saw Mr. Stanley for the second time in Turkey in 1869, when the latter informed him that he had a roving commission for the *New York Herald*, and as he had nearly exhausted all known countries, he was somewhat at a loss where next to direct his wanderings.

Mr. Morris suggested Persia, as it was “an unexplored country, and would well repay a visit if you could get back with your life ; but as I know you do not fear danger, no consideration of personal peril would, I think, deter you.”

Mr. Stanley did not take long to think over the proposal, and having made up his mind to go, with his usual promptitude, he set about his preparations for the journey at once. Mr. Morris provided him with letters of introduction to such merchants as he knew, and to the Russian authorities in the Caucasus, Georgia, and other countries. He also introduced him to the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, who was so much impressed with him that he

made extra exertions to facilitate his progress to the mysterious home of the Grand Llama. Mr. Morris says :—

“I had some time previous to this had a Henry rifle sent me from a friend in New York, as a specimen of American art, and this I presented to Stanley, with my best wishes for the success of his undertaking.

“He started on the desperate enterprise some time after, and my table thereby lost one of its most entertaining guests. When I say desperate enterprise I mean it, for Persia is to a European a practically unexplored country ; and in consequence of its weak government and the marauders with which it abounds, a journey from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe would be a safe trip compared to it. How Mr. Stanley accomplished the task he undertook, the columns of the *Herald* will tell. I received a letter from him, while on the way, narrating the hospitable manner in which he had been entertained by the Russian authorities, and the way in which he had astonished them by the performances of his Henry rifle. His journey through the Caucasus and Georgia was a sort of triumphal march, though he was looked upon as a lost man by all who knew anything of the East.

“The route he took was an entirely new one, as he went in a kind of zigzag way to Thibet, and he

must have possessed a charmed life to have come through so much peril in complete safety.

“After this affair I returned home, and I did not hear of Mr. Stanley again until I heard of him as the discoverer of Livingstone.”

On being asked if he was astonished at hearing of the latter fact, Mr. Morris replied, “Not in the slightest. I should be astonished at no feat in the line of travel that he might accomplish. He is a born traveller, and I used to say to myself at my table in Constantinople, ‘Here is a man who will yet achieve greatness, and leave his mark behind him in the world.’ He has all the qualities which the great explorers possessed—Mungo Park, Humboldt, and Livingstone himself—a hardy frame, unflinching courage, and inflexible perseverance. If such a thing were possible, that I were forced to become a member of a band to undertake some forlorn hope, some desperate enterprise, I know of no one whom I would so readily select as the leader of such an undertaking as Henry Stanley.”

The intrepid young traveller was not long in starting off with a single servant on a journey which Mr. Morris characterized as being more dangerous than that from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe.

Mr. Stanley not only carried out his tour through Persia successfully — to the astonishment of the

European residents he met with—but pushed his way right through Asia Minor to Hindostan, landing at Bombay in September 1870.

People not yet beyond middle age will remember the fate of Colonel Stothard and Captain Connolly, who were murdered by the natives in endeavouring to carry out a similar enterprise, and the hardships endured by Dr. Wolff in his efforts to discover and clear up the mystery of their disappearance. Nearer our own time Captain Burton succeeded in penetrating to places never before visited by Europeans, after acquiring a perfect mastery of the language, and travelling in the habit of a dervish.

As there was no object to be gained by the success of this daring exploit which would engross the attention of the civilized world, it had been so completely forgotten that at one time the English newspapers were puzzling themselves to account for Stanley's doings between his Abyssinian journey and the start to find Dr. Livingstone.

The *Times of India*, August 22nd, 1872, in noticing this perplexity as to Mr. Stanley's movements, printed the following :—

“As our contemporaries of the English press are wondering who Mr. Stanley, the dauntless adventurer who discovered Livingstone in such a clever manner,

can be, they will find, if they turn to our Overland Summary for October 1st, 1870, four letters from Mr. Stanley, signed 'Stanley,' in the first of which he says: 'I have but lately arrived in Bombay, after an overland trip *viâ* Constantinople, Tiflis, Bakou, Teheran, Ispahan, Shiraz, and Bushire.' The letters referred to are headed, 'Persia; the Famine in Ispahan.' 'The Russians in Western Turkistan.' 'Persia; the Shah in the Telegraph Office.' 'General Stoletoff upon the Central Asian Question.'"

Turning to a file of the *Times of India* we find the four letters referred to. The first, that on General Stoletoff, appears in the issue for September 16th, 1870.

The series is introduced by the following editorial note:—

"We publish to-day the first of a short series of letters on Western Central Asia and Persia, which we feel sure will be read with interest. They are written by a gentleman connected with the Press of America, who has lately travelled through the countries he describes. This imparts to these letters additional value, as the writer is entirely free from that jealousy and bias by which the judgment of people in India is so unconsciously affected. We may have occasion to refer to the contents of these letters again, but mean-

while our object is merely to draw attention to the graphic narratives of an observant writer, 'who has seen many cities and many peoples.' "

One or two touches in the first letter are worth quoting. He says :—

" I was sitting *tête-à-tête* with Madame Kalubakini, wife of the Governor of Bakou, and by talking rapidly and wisely, as I imagine I must have done, I had succeeded in making the dear, good, kind madame, a staunch friend. M. le Gouverneur was there also, astride of a chair (for it was in his own salon), trying to stimulate conversation and mutual friendship with rare Rabetian and Kamadan, and Khyfe (coffee—Osmanli), with a sprinkling of *bons mots* of Russian officialism judiciously put between the occasional sips. *And there was Orphean music, most ravishing, sailing through the wide salons, the latter effused from the prehensile and tremulous digits of a galaxy of fair ones.*"

General Stoletoff enters the salon, and is introduced to Mr. Stanley, who characteristically describes him : " He was the embodiment of an enthusiasm which was transitive and electrical. The face of him was as that of a hero—free, candid, out-spoken. He looked one straight in the eye without flinching. As he talked he won your sympathy ; as he

gestured you almost imitated him; as he explained you understood him. He was youngish-looking, possibly forty years old, much sunburnt, with clean-shaven face, except the upper lip, which was adorned with a miniature eagle-winged moustache. As your Indian people are so local, they will understand me when I say that Stoletoff, in look and size, is like Colonel Fraser, 11th Hussars; in prudence—a very Robert Napier; in dash—fervid; terrible—like Colonel Penn, of the Artillery, when he pitched his tiny shell into the Abyssinian loot maniacs on the slope of Fahla.”

This tall writing somewhat startled a local Indian journal, which commented upon it in this wise:—

“This is positively admirable! The writer is evidently afraid that his account of this Russian general who could look into his eye without flinching, and was dashing, fervid, terrible, might frighten the Anglo-Indians, so he comforts them with the possession of Colonel Frazer, of the 11th Hussars, Robert Napier, and Colonel Penn—the latter of whom was *dashing, fervid, terrible*, when he threw a shell into Magdala among a swarm of cowed and helpless savages.”

The conversation between Mr. Stanley and Mr. Stoletoff related to the suspicions of the Anglo-Indians as to the designs of Russia upon Central Asia; and

this "terrible fire-eater" assured him that their designs were "purely commercial." He said,—

"If Russia had merchants as enterprising as the English are, it had been done long ago; but, unfortunately, she has not. The Government has to take the initiative in everything, so that every movement made by it incurs suspicions, which, I can assure you, are perfectly groundless. I will give you an instance of Russian apathy. About five miles from here (Bakou), at Soukhaneh, are naphtha wells productive of immense wealth, yet Russian merchants, cognizant of this important fact, were for a long time indisposed to work them upon speculation, until the Government moved in the matter; then they came down from St. Petersburg by the dozen, and have now very large establishments for the refining and distilling of the petroleum. In the same way is it with Central-Asian trade. Our merchants, being so timid and unspeculative, will not venture to Khiva and Bokhara because one or two of their number have been hardly treated, until the Government has cleared the way, and established colonies and fortlets for their protection. In the time of Peter the Great, General Bikovitch, and in the time of Nicholas and Alexander, Mouravieff, father and son, explored the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea, and having found

Krasnovodsk, they pronounced it to be the best port—offering the best position for a city to invite Asiatic trade of any on the other side of the Caspian. But the want of water, sweet and wholesome, and the constant raids made by the Tekies (Turkoman tribe) on the new colony which they endeavoured to plant there, finally caused its abandonment as impracticable.”

His own special part of the programme was “to march” (oddly enough, with a powerful force) “to a point half way between Khiva and the Aarl Sea, along the ancient bed of the Amou Darya (Oxus), and cut the dyke which the Turkomans had erected, to prevent the Amou flowing towards the Caspian, and permit the river to resume its ancient course.”

He goes on to state that any number of expeditions will be easy afterwards, as he will plant colonies of Russians along its course, besides trees, and will irrigate the plains, &c.

“After this, our movements will be easy enough, and a railroad will be built to Khiva, which city must necessarily surrender, not merely to military views of Russia, but to our trade and commerce.”

As this philanthropic scheme of General Stoletoff involved the re-capture of Samarcand and its permanent occupation, and the making a vast territory

a desert, in order that another great tract of country under the influence of Russia might be made fruitful, and furnish a watery highway for steamers from the Caspian to Bokhara, we hope that Mr. Stanley's first letter had as agreeable an effect upon Anglo-Indians generally, as it did upon the alarmed journalist whom we have just quoted.

The second letter, which appeared on the 19th September, is taken up with a geographical and statistical analysis of Stoletoff's scheme, and is of singular interest at the present time, when Russia would appear to be carrying out the schemes so freely explained to Mr. Stanley. He says:—

“This letter will furnish you with a few more notes about the Russian settlement of Krasnovodsk, and the projected military advance to Khiva.

“The outline of a negro's foot would make a very good plan of Michael's Bay. The sole of the foot with the toes turned east would represent the north shore; Achilles' tendon, the spit of sand running miles south; and the heel, the bulging Cape on which is situate the commercial settlement. The greatest length of the Bay is sixty-five miles, its greatest breadth fifteen miles. It would safely harbour the entire Caspian fleet of Russia.

“The town of Krasnovodsk contains a population of

about 400 civilians and 100 government people. Its trade is progressing slowly but surely. A few weeks before I entered Krasnovodsk, there arrived a caravan consisting of nearly 1,000 camels from Khokand. A dozen or so of sailing vessels are employed between the port and Astracan, and by this time the regular mail steamers call there weekly.

“The little outpost constructed, as I told you in my last, by Stoletoff in the Valley of the Kuvo-dagh, may be said to be the first of a series of forts which shall eventually connect Krasnovodsk with Kohne Urjendsh and Chodsheilli.

“If a view of the country between Krasnovodsk and Kuvo-dagh, a distance of about sixty miles, may be taken as a criterion whereon to base an idea respecting the interior of the Tekie Land, I must confess that Stoletoff will prove himself a genius if he can successfully march his troops to Kohne Urjendsh. For its outlook is that of mighty swells and dunes of sand and sandstone, an intricate jumble of ravines and craggy rock, of infinite dry water courses, miniature plateaux, and grey hills, which latter amass themselves as they trend over the east end of Michael's Bay into the Balkhan bulk—Great and Little Balkhan.

“From the head of Michael's Bay to Chodsheilli the dry bed of the Oxus proceeds north-easterly, in

an almost straight line, 370 English miles. This is what Stoletoff has to march over. Chodsheilli is a large town in the Khiva Khanate, situate on the branch of the Oxus flowing into the Aral sea, 120 miles by the river from the sea, and 125 miles by the caravan road from Khiva, the capital of the Khanate. The most fertile portion of the Khanate is on the western or Cis-Oxiana side—the capital itself (ancient Carezme) being forty miles west of the river, watered by several canals, the largest of which is the Pahlawan Canal. The Oxus flows towards Aral at the rate of three and a half miles an hour, until it gets below Chodsheilli, where the Oxian delta begins, when the sands and many channels weaken considerably the mighty force with which it swept past Chodsheilli. Hence, when the Oxus enters Taldyk Bay by its principal debouchure, it has lost all the characteristics of a great river, being neither deep nor wide, and utterly unnavigable except for very light draught steamers.”

Previous to 1575, when the first dam was constructed, which diverted the Oxus from flowing Caspian-wards, the country, now a desert, was thickly populated and exceedingly fertile. Mr. Stanley sees nothing impracticable in General Stoletoff’s scheme, and looks upon it with favour. He says:—

“Hence we may conclude, and accept it as almost a certainty, that Stoletoff's idea is possible of realization. As the Caspian was the natural receptacle of the Oxus even as late as the sixteenth century, as the Aral Sea is 110 feet higher than the Caspian, as the Oxus at Chodsheilli is 175 feet higher than its ancient mouth below Kuvo-dagh, as the steppe—now such a sea of aridity—now so treeless and shrubless—was formerly well cultivated,—the ruined towns and villages along the banks of the empty river-bed, sites of Tuncklu, Berschdischik, Kanga-Tagan, Turpana, Gugunek, Sarkaty and others testifying to that fact, with many half-filled wells scattered along the river-bed besides,—as the man appointed to cut the dyke is a traveller of great experience, having twice travelled the country between Krasnovodsk and Khiva with the Mouravieffs,—why not?

“I firmly believe that General Stoletoff is the Lesseps designed to perform the great undertaking of restoring life to the desert steppe of Turkestan—to that land which beheld the glories of Seljuk, Alp Arslan, of the Shepherd Monarch Malck, Zinghis Khan, and Timour Leng.

“Those who have studied the growth of commerce in Asia, and the various routes frequented by the caravans, will not forget that the trade between China, India

and Europe was carried on by this very route on which Stoletoff's attention is fixed.

"We have had an example lately of an ancient highway of nations re-opened to the world in the Isthmus of Suez, and there is reason to believe that the Oxus will be made again subservient to the uses of man.

"When the Bactrians occupied the province now known as Turkestan, the silks of China and the spices and precious stones of Hindostan were conveyed to the sources of the Oxus in the Bolor range, and floated down that river to the Caspian sea, thence transported across to the mouth of the Cyrus (Kur), then towed up to Surain and Gori, conveyed across the Perenga range to Cyteis (Kutais), and floated down the Phasis to the Black Sea.

"A railway is now being constructed from Poti on the Black Sea to Bakou on the Caspian, which has already reached Kutais, a distance of sixty-nine miles from Poti, and within two years will have reached Bakou.

"There are 200 English Engineers engaged on it, besides two regiments of Russian troops doing penance, and 2,000 Caucasian navvies.

"This railway will replace the rafts and barges employed by the ancients on the Cyrus and Phasis. From Bakou, a line of steamers will be in communication with Krasnovodsk, and the Russians (being

progressive people when once fairly started) will establish a line of light draught steamers to run from Krasnovodsk to Khiva, Samarcand and Bokhara."

The third letter opens with an interesting account of the expenses of his journey from Constantinople to Bombay. It amounted, without outfit, to £114, the latter costing about £50. The wonder excited in the Persians' mind by the overland telegraph, and the hostility of the various local governors to it, because by it their dismissal came too rapidly, is well told. The corporals in charge of several of the stations had to go about armed to the teeth, in dread of an attack from some irate governor who had received an unpleasant message from the Shah. His account of a visit made by this potentate to the Telegraph Office at Teheran, shows that a traveller possessing a keen sense of the ludicrous will find plenty of materials when journeying through Persia:—

"The Shah of Persia visited the Telegraph Office in person, and—cunning fellow!—after examining the modes of operating, professed to be delighted with everything he saw. He regarded the apparatus of telegraphy intently, and then begged Mr. Pruce to explain how he manipulated the little round knobs which flashed the mysteries. Mr. Pruce did so very readily, and as he speaks eloquently, no doubt the

Shah was much enlightened. For during the exposition of telegraphy the Shah laughed heartily, and delivered many a fervid ‘Masha-allah!’ Then the Shah wanted to telegraph; he tried a long time, but as the words would not march, he gave it up as a difficult job. His fingers, he said apologetically, were dumb; they would not talk. Then he summoned one of his own employés from the Persian office, and bade him telegraph as follows:—

Telegram No. 1, to Koum, from the Shah in person.

“How much money hast thou for the Shah, Khan?”
(to the Governor.)

Answer.—(After a pause of about three minutes, the rascally Governor evidently considering, for all along the line the governors had been forewarned.)
“When the Asylum of the Universe commands less than the least of his slaves, he will give all he is worth.”

Telegram 2, to Koum.

“How much is that?”

A.—“10,000 tomans (£4,000).”

Telegram 3, to Koum.

“Send the money, the Shah commands; he is well pleased.”



"OLD CASTLE ARMS," KEPT BY STANLEY'S BROTHER.
(Stanley resided here on his return from Abyssinia.)



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AT ST. ASAPH.
(Where Stanley was Educated.)

Telegram 4, to Kashan.

"Oh! Khan, the Shah wants money, how much hast thou to give him?"

A.—"Whatever the Light of the World commands is at his service. I have 5,000 tomans (£2,000)."

Telegram 5, to Kashan.

"Too little. Send me 20,000 tomans (£8,000), the Shah has said it."

Telegram 6, to Ispahan.

"Khan, thou knowest thy position is a treasure. What will thou give the Shah to keep it? A man has offered me 50,000 tomans (£20,000) for thy place. Speak quickly. It is the Shah that waits."

A.—"Oh! King of Kings, thou knowest my faithfulness, and hast but to speak. I have 60,000 tomans ready."

Telegram 7, to Ispahan.

"It is good. Thou art a wise Khan. Send the money."

Telegram 8, to Shiraz.

"Shah-zadeh, speak for thy place. There are evil-minded men who desire thy position. Art thou wise, and is thy hand open?"

A.—“The throne is the place of wisdom. When the Shah speaks the world trembles; the ears of his governors are open. I have 30,000 tomans on hand.”

Telegram 9, to Shiraz.

“The Amcen-ed-Dowleh offers me 45,000 tomans. Oh! little man, thou art mad.”

A.—“The Shah has spoken truly. I will send 50,000 tomans.”

From his telegram to Bushire, he received answer that 10,000 tomans would be sent immediately, which was accepted.

This is the Shah and his ways of government. The handsome sum of 160,000 tomans, or £64,000 sterling, was netted in one morning from the governors' privy purses. His governorships are sold to the highest bidder.

Mr. Stanley says that the Persian peasants and caravan drivers are as destructive to the Indo-European telegraph wires as the Abyssinian native tribes were to the copper field wires laid down in rear of the advancing expedition to Magdala. The Persian peasant and his wife draw upon it for all manner of household purposes, and the caravan drivers use con-

venient lengths of it as goads to quicken the paces of their camels and donkeys.

These depredations cause a constant running to and fro of a staff of men to find out and repair the leaks, at a great cost.

The English officials and other residents at Teheran he found leading happy and contented lives. Amusements were plentiful. Hunting, racing, amateur theatricals, and Christy Minstrels were in full swing. A peculiar amusement, having all the interest of bull-baiting, with the advantage of its being enjoyed indoors, was mortal combats between scorpions and tarantulas. The animals were placed in a glass vase, and incited to fight, until one or both gave up the ghost. We suspect if we knew all the peculiar amusements of our countrymen abroad, we should be compelled to recognize how thin the veneer of our civilization is, and how easily it is rubbed off.

Mr. Stanley's account of the relative positions of the English and Russian ambassadors at Teheran is too good to be paraphrased. Representing as they do the two great European powers who are parcelling out the East between them, their rivalry of each other is intense. Mr. Stanley says:—

“ The esthesis of politics has been studied to advantage by the respective am-

bassadors. I always thought politics a very dry subject of study before I came to Teheran. I have at last seen its esthetic side. The two ambassadors are like two bazaar merchants. Mr. Beger exhibits with a certain amount of taste, his stock in trade, consisting of friendly alliance, loving letters from the Czar of all the Russias, Russian power, mutual aggrandisement, and—deadly hellebore. Mr. Allison has a varied assortment of British notions, consisting of traditions of John Company, old friendships, English wealth and power, rich presents, Borasjoon memories, ubiquity, Argus eyes, Abyssinian glory, and English iron-clads.

“The Russian Ambassador has a fine palace, much finer than Mr. Allison’s, and Cossack guards. The British Government is building a palace which shall cost £50,000, and utterly eclipse the Russian. Ostentation aids diplomacy in Persia, and supremacy is rotative. Bravo, Mr. Beger! bravissimo, Mr. Charles Allison!”

The last letter, which appeared on the 23rd September, is on the famine in Persia, the details of which filled the people of this country with so much horror and sympathy at the time. Mr. Stanley points out that famine must be of occasional local occurrence in Persia, and that its evils are intensified by the selfishness of those in power; he says:—

“In times of drought the governors lay in a good stock of corn, and keep their granaries full; while the peasants—placid fatalists!—eat on without stint or care. The water is all spent, the snows of winter are all thawed, the beads of dew are not sufficient; without water the ryots cannot irrigate their land, so the crops assume a premature brownness, then fade before the parching drought. Their store of last year has been consumed, the religion with which they are saturated will not feed their stomachs—they must eat material corn to live—but where will they get it? They cry out in despair. No charitable souls step forward to their relief, for there is not an atom of charity in the soul of a Persian. They turn to their governors, and the governors respond with a denial, for the famine prices are not high enough yet. Then the ryots besiege their bakers’ doors, and after mortgaging their property, and finding themselves still in want, prompted by esurient hunger, they break out into open-mouthed and tumultuous mobs. Then the governors open their granary doors, and issue dribblets of corn and flour at extraordinary prices, to be paid (if the ryots have no money) with next year’s harvest.”

It is dreadful to think that, while the people are dying in thousands from starvation, and the sympathies

of the whole civilized world are aroused, and money pours in to mitigate the horrors of the famine, the funds so collected go into the pockets of Government officials and other speculators, who horde up the corn until its purchase involves the giving up of all the wretched peasants possess, in addition to a mortgage upon the next fruitful season.

Although the humblest Persians are insolent in their bearing towards Europeans in time of plenty, when the famine is on them they humble themselves, and passionately ask them to intercede with the Shah and the various Khans, or governors, for help in their extremity. They have unbounded faith in the influence of the European population, if they will but exercise it. The story Mr. Stanley tells us of the Shah's first lesson in telegraphy, and his account of the character and behaviour of the governors in famine times, sufficiently show the powerlessness of foreign interference in anything relating to the well-being of the people.

Mr. Stanley sketches the Europeans he met on his travels with a bold and free pencil.

The following pen-and-ink portrait of an English merchant is a good sample of his style:—

“A Mr. Walton—brother of Mr. Walton of Kur-rachee, who made himself so prominent there some

time ago in connection with a freak of bell-ringing, sub-superintendent of the Indo-European at Ispahan, had a most extraordinary servant—a sort of Figaro or Shah Abbas' hunchback, as described in Morier's 'Mirza.' I should premise by stating that Mr. Walton is an Englishman,—yet a most eccentric character, not yet handled by either Thackeray, or Dickens, but who will some day furnish me with an excellent frontispiece for a novel, I have no doubt. He is a most lugubriously merry man, with his merriness all concentrated like Forlorn Hopes in a radii of wrinkles at the corner of each eye—and his lugubriousness amassed around his most pudent mouth. At bottom, however, there is a fund of nervous energy and simple good-heartedness in him."

As these papers were written for Indo-European readers, we need hardly say that his sketches in the *Herald* exhibit even more graphic handling. The hint that he will some day write a novel will, we trust, be carried into effect. Few men living have had so varied an experience of humanity in all its aspect, and being the possessor of a most graphic and entertaining style, a novel from his pen would find more readers than even the account of his journey from Zanzibar to Ujiji and back.

We are enabled to give, from another source, several graphic extracts from Mr. Stanley's notes of his Persian journey. He sailed from Constantinople, about the middle of May, to the mouth of the Rion,—the ancient Phasis, up which Jason proceeded in search of the Golden Fleece, calling at Sinope, Kerasunde—the ancient Cerasus, Trebizond, Battoom—the ancient Battrys Portus, and landing and making some stay at Poti and Mingrella at the mouth of the Rion.

He tells a capital anecdote of a Yankee place-hunter, who, by dint of extra influence, had got appointed American Consul at Trebizond. On his way he waited upon Mr. Morris, the American Minister at Constantinople, who informed him that an American ship called at the consulate about once in twenty years, and that he might be ten years there and not see a "Yank." Mr. Stanley says : —

"As Mr. Morris is a serious man and seldom jokes upon a subject, our new consul of Trebizond—appointed I believe by special favour—made his resolve and said he would be d—d, and that thrice over, before he would go to Trebizond, taking his exequatur with him as a souvenir of his short consulship."

For Battoom, as the only good harbour from Sebastopol to the uttermost Caucasus, he predicts a great

future, and feels persuaded that it must some day occasion a fierce struggle between the Turks—its present holders—and the Russians for its possession. It stands between two rivers similar in name ; and the Russian government, in adjusting frontiers with the Turks, signed the town and harbour away, imagining there was only one river, and placing the wrong one in the treaty. We should like to know what became of the unfortunate official who committed this blunder. In the language of a modern Russian writer, we fancy “the Czar granted him unusual facilities for studying the geography of Siberia.”

Mingrella appears to have had many fascinations for our young travellers. “For many reasons,” he says, “Mingrella pleased me much. . . . One was the beauty of the women, the extraordinary beauty of the children of both sexes, the noble forests of ash, mulberry, and sycamore, and the number of the game of a tame kind which present themselves most innocently to the hunter.”

On leaving Mingrella for Orperi in a dense fog, which he did by train, eight miles of the railway to Abou being then finished, his schoolboy days at St. Asaph appear to have been vividly brought to his mind by the genius of the place. He says:—
“Though the morning was chilly, I should have

forgotten it but for the mist—that floating sea of dense fog. For I was busy with memories of college life, and imagined myself, as I cast my eyes vacantly upon Ea, and Colchis, forest and golden surface of the Phasis, to be reciting my classical task to my reverend teacher.”

He voyaged from Orperi in a small steamer up the Rion, with a motley crowd of fellow passengers. “Out of the hundred passengers,” he says, “I am sure I distinguished fifty nationalities. The costumes on board were a medley of all colours, as the tabard of a Herald. The movement of the fifty different head-dresses was like a tuft of vari-coloured feathers blown into complication by a strong wind. It was a riot of colours and a chaos of shapes. There were more costumes on board than there ever were within the wardrobe of Niblo’s, or a Jew’s shop in Whitechapel. . . . Even in Constantinople or the cosmopolitan city of Alexandria, not more varied physiognomies, characteristics, and costumes were ever seen assembled within so small a compass. It was heterogeneity made heterogeneous. . . . Every man on board, however, was uniform in his choice of arms. For to every man’s waist, belted with a rich zone of gold or silver, was slung the long pointed dagger of the Caucasus.”

He speaks warmly of the politeness and intelligence of the numerous Russian military and civil officers he met, and his route swarmed with both. He enters upon an interesting comparison of the soldierly qualifications of various countries, more especially as regards their power of withstanding the bayonet. In his opinion, English soldiers were entitled to bear the palm up to a certain point, and we hope that the *perferridum ingenium* of his native Wales will not be roused against him on account of the nation to which he assigns the permanent possession of this test of prowess. He says: "Old Americans remember the time when the English claimed it, *but at Bunker's Hill what happened? Old Americans can tell!*"

From Orperi he journeyed to Kutais in a carriage, and as it was the only vehicle of the kind in the former place, he was looked upon by the natives as a person of distinction. Kutais he found to be a beautiful and interesting place, with society as cultivated as that of Boston, and as well-mannered as that of Paris.

He had a letter of introduction to the Russian Governor, who treated him with the utmost courtesy, while his wife filled him with rapture by her beauty and accomplishments, and her gracious kindness towards him.

At a ball at the Governor's, he fancied, from the number of princes and princesses and officers of distinction, that the best society of St. Petersburg had transported itself there. "One princess sang a national song of the Caucasus,—that national song I have heard it everywhere,—heard it from the camel driver at Assougan; heard it from a poor old woman who mourned her husband at the station of Goom Gooma, in Abyssinia; heard it often from the frail fair of Cairo; heard it at a wedding feast at Jerusalem; heard it at the grand mosque at Damascus, heard it at La Mancha and Andalusia; heard it at Agihi Rumeli, in Crete; heard it from all the Southern natives, from those people of the dark eyes and sallow faces, and I know I shall hear it in Persia, and India, whither I wend, and yet it is a native song in Georgia. Why is it never heard thus sung . . . in any land of light skins and blue eyes? It is not to be heard in Circassia, but it is heard south of the Caucasus, in Georgia and Armenia."

The journey from Kutais—which he left with reluctance—to Tiflis, was made in a native carriage called "a tarantass, a springless vehicle, in external appearance like an ordinary cab." He had for travelling companion, an officer of the Russian Imperial Guard, a M. de Hereen, and his agreeable society, the

charming scenery, and the light buoyant atmosphere made his journey pleasant and agreeable to a degree that excited him to rapture in recording its incidents.

We have no space to follow his journeyings in detail, but must content ourselves with a few extracts from his most interesting letters, selecting such as will show that this was no mere holiday traveller, but a man whose mind was open to the outer and inner life exposed to his view, and keenly alive to impressions from the past of countries and peoples once distinguished for their power and magnificence. Hear what he has got to say of Shiraz and its famous gardens:—

“ Shiraz is a city of traditions ; it is the capital of the province of Fars—old kingdom of Persia—and, therefore, the successor of Persepolis. Historically, it is an old city ; traditionally, it is much older, for it was founded by Thur, the son of Jemsheed, or Shem, who was the son of Noah, while another Persian writer states it to have been founded by Mohammed, son of Cassim, son of Abi Okail, 639 A.D., or the 74th of Hegirah. It was an important city in the time of Sáadi, who was born in the year 1175. It was a great city under Shah Mansour, when Timour-Lenk invaded it. But to-day it is a mean

and insignificant city, because it is no longer the capital of Persia, that having been transferred to Teheran, and since Kerim Khan's time, under whom Shiraz was most opulent, it has been crumbling to ruin as fast as the influences of the climate can cause it.

"The plain of Shiraz is wide enough to support a very large city, the soil is rich, and the climate is delicious, except in the middle of the day, when it is uncomfortably warm. It has now a population of about 40,000 inhabitants, who are famous in the manufacture of sword blades and good wine.

"Shiraz Plain is famous for its gardens—the Mousalah, which Hafiz frequented; the Dilgushah, near the tomb of Sáadil; the Bagh-i-Takht—'Garden of the Throne;' Baghi-No,—'New Garden;' Jehun Numa—'View of the World;' Reshk-i-Bebesht—'Envoy of Paradise.' And sightseers may amuse themselves with going to the Pira Sabz, or the 'Green old Man,' where Hafiz, it is said, became a poet by keeping watch throughout forty nights on its summit; also to the tombs of Sáadi and Hafiz; the Khusr Cave, where Moortoosa Ali, the hermit, lived, and the well of Kalah Bender, down which all the faithless women of Shiraz were thrown in former times. I cannot describe all these in detail, as almost all the

gardens are alike, and the palaces within them are but the prototypes of those at Teheran, which I have already described fully.

“The Bagh-i-Takht, or the ‘Garden of the Throne,’ is one of the finest of the gardens of Shiraz. The palace is built on seven terraces, one above another, the roof of the palace being certainly 150 feet above the plain. On each terrace are rows of orange trees; the second terrace has, besides, twenty-seven fountains; on the lowest terraces bloom the white roses of India on lofty bushes; another terrace above is distinguished by a wide-spreading narcissus. As you enter the gate from the city you are admitted into a garden, where, in its cool shades, you will be apt to think the Shirazi are very wise in expending wealth upon gardens such as these. It is full of cypress, orange, lime, poplar, chenar and mulberry trees, and as for flowers, they are of many kinds and hues.”

In the “Garden of the Throne” :—

“I arrived upon a peaceful scene
‘The Loves of Zal and Roodavu,’ by Ferdoussee. Calians, iced sherbert, sweetmeats, tea, and a seat were offered me by the hospitable Persians. The musicians consisted of four fine-looking boys, and a dervish with a guitar. One of the boys was a

perfect Antinous, and by the distinction paid to him he evidently was a favourite. He was richly dressed; his wide flowing pants were of crimson silk, his robe was of brocade; round his slender waist was a sash bound tightly, and his cap was put on with the jauntiness of a petted youth.

“After we had all helped ourselves to an iced sherbert, and taken a gentle whiff at the calian, the dervish twanged his guitar, three of the boys got up to dance, the handsome Antinous commenced his song. Every verse was started with a crescendo pitch, and after a short quaver, burst out into a full and clear note, which died away in a succession of plaintive and long-drawn trills. The guitar, in the hands of the dervish, was most eloquent; it breathed, it spoke, it acted at one and the same time, or by its magic sounds it made you think so. The dance was similar to that of the Almehs at Beni-sooef, in Egypt: it was Oriental, it was profoundly passionate. The song was about Oriental love; it reminded you of Abelard and Eloise, of Romeo and Juliet, Petrarch and Laura, Orpheus and Eurydice. And here were a people whose whole thoughts dwell upon loves and shades of trees—a people with the ‘sleepy eyes that speak the melting souls.’ Can you imagine the rapt interest, the intense attention, the moist eyes, the

Zanzibar 2nd February
1866-

My Dear Stearns

Nine of the buffaloes
died before I got here

on 28th ult. It seems

to be a plant that

kills for they are

seized suddenly, fall

down and expire in

a couple of hours.

All the cattle that come

from all places on

the main land (except

one spot) die in the

same way, so it must.

several attitudes of such a group when moved by deep emotion?"

Mr. Stanley contrasts Hafiz, the great Persian poet, with Solomon. He says:—

"Let us compare some of Hafiz' passionate entreaties to his love, which are considered only in an allegorical sense by the Sheab, to some of the canticles of Solomon, considered in the same light by Bible readers.

"From Hafiz:—'Oh, silver-bosomed cypress! a form delicate as the rose, the beauty of whose cheeks surpasseth that of the moon at evening! Return! for your absence hath melted my soul, and deprived my heart of ease and rest.'

"From the Canticles:—'Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners? Return, return, O Shulamite; return, return, that we may look upon thee.'

"From Hafiz:—'Thus spoke the nightingale this morning:—What sayest thou, sweet rose? Bring thy couch to the garden of roses, that thou mayest kiss the cheeks of lovely damsels, quaff rich wine, and smell odoriferous blossoms.'

"From the Canticles:—'Awake, O north wind; and come thou south, that the spices thereof may flow

out. Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits.'

"From Hafiz:—'The singers, the wine, and the roses are at hand, but pleasure is not to be enjoyed without my smiling love. Where is she, where is my lovely infidel? I will seat my love, like a queen, upon a bed of roses; I will make her a garland of the hyacinthe, and her bracelets shall be jasmine. Open, like the Narcissus, thy sleepy eyes, and let the upright Narcissus droop from envy of thee. Throw off the pearly drops from thy countenance, and like my glistening eyes make the garden weep.'

"From the Canticles:—'My beloved spake and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green twigs, and the vines, with the tender grape, give a good smell. Arise, my beloved, my fair one, and come away.'"

The following extracts from Mr. Stanley's diary of the journey to Bushire, give a graphic idea of the difficulties of travel in those regions:—

"*July 18, 1870.*—Left Shiraz at half-past 10 A.M. for Chenarah-da, distant eight miles. Heat, 114°

Fahrenheit. The mountains and plain smoking hot; fever surging up my nostrils like steam vapour. Two P.M. arrived at caravanseraï crazed with fever. It kept me on a bed of straw in a lousy cell for two days.

"*July 20.*—Started for Khami-Zenioun, a journey of sixteen miles. Desolate country. Hills after hills, valleys after valleys, all forgotten of God, deserted by honest men, inhabited only by the maneless lions of Persia, the laughing hyena, the caracal fox and jerboa robber, erliant and prowling Baktiari. My Winchester is loaded with thirteen cartridges, ready to fire at the first image of a robber. Heat 110° Fahrenheit. Highest altitude during the day, 1,200 feet above the sea.

"*July 21.*—To Myoum Khutal (between the hills), twenty-eight miles. Heat at eleven o'clock A.M. 112° Fahrenheit. Highest altitude reached 7,600 feet. From the rocky vicinity of Khan-i-Zincin, we dropped into the valley of Dusbt-i-Arjan. Remarkable spring of water; trees of antique birth near it. Cardinal urgencies of travel disposed of under the shade of the trees, such as hunger and thirst. This valley is the grazing ground for the Eeliant mares. Desperate set of people, those Eeliants! Thence we ascended a most ugly slope of a mountain, wild fig,

wild cherry and almond trees thickly clothing it, under which lurks the lion—a most ferocious animal ! He frequently attacks travellers ; but my Winchester would blow him to fragments. I do not fear him, but the Eeliant. The caravans we see and pass cry, ‘ Beware ! beware ! ’

“ Having ascended to the summit of the mountain, we look down upon a bewildering area—an agglomerate of ugly mountain vertebræ, with the devil’s own passes between them. The whole land seems seething in the heat. Finally reached Myoum Khutal, after eleven hours’ travel.

“ *July 22.*—Had a slight attack of fever during the night. Was so weak this day could not stand the 110° sun heat ; in such condition rested that day. This is the finest caravanserai in South Persia, but the people about are rogues. Twice we were invaded during the night by sly hands, but we were watchful and lost nothing.

“ Singular scenery all about it. True bit of Abyssinian wildness ! The *Herald* correspondent has found himself in strange places before, but now I will cast my eyes about me and look out over the scene. My arms rest on the battlements. I am fifty feet above the hill top at the base of the wall. I question myself if this is not as wild as any, not wilder, but

yet as forbidding. Heat 116° , twelve o'clock A.M. I crossed myself, repeated I don't know how many *aves*—I had no beads, therefore could not count them. My *aves* wouldn't march, as the Shah says. Well, I said a prayer for the dead Abbas the Great, and thanked Heaven there were such places as caravan-serais in Fars. What was it? Was it the water of Dusbt-i-Arjan that gave me such a sleep? Oh, health restorer! in the afternoon in the caravanserai 'between the hills.' Ah, that water, the best, the coolest in Persia, as cold as a Nova Zembla spring! infinitely sweeter than Zemzem, sanctified by the vicinity of the Caaba though it be.

"*July 23.*—Slid down at dawn; yes, actually slid down, my baggage, mules, servants and myself—down, down 1,000 feet! The slope of the mountain was covered with round 2-pounder stones. The first touch of a mule's foot on the stones and it slid a yard; another foot, another yard—peril of our lives! However, the mules survived it, and I believe—as I feel my limbs and neck—I believe I survived it. Thank the Lord!

"Well, we had no sooner reached the bottom of the Peera Zun Mountain, and were voluble with self-congratulation when an incident occurred. My Winchester was up to my shoulder, my servants' kemmers and

scimitars flashed out. We were bravely resolved, I assure you. But this incident. It was a naked man, who came out from behind the wild almond bushes and cried out for help in the name of Allah. But why? Of course he had been robbed of every shay he had in the world. He was going with three mules to Shiraz, loaded. Half way between Komaridge and Myoum Khutal three men, armed with guns, which were pointed at him, bade him stop, to take off his kooba (coat), then his erkalik (gown or robe) of good stuff, then his peerahun (shirt), then his zeer-jama of linen, then his slippers and socks; then they told him to lie down, and they flogged him with switches cut from the wild almond bushes. And here he was in a bruised, most miserable plight. Would we help him? Certainly; think of the good Samaritan! May it not be our turn next? God! just think of it, to be robbed of every scrap of paper, of every kerann, of every rag of clothes, and then be beaten like a dog, and perhaps taken and sold! No, no, my dear, my pet Winchester, thou shalt sing a quadruple tetra-diapason first! And after this oath sworn to make another Ther nopylæ we march on, confident, but nevertheless on the alert, our bruised unfortunate as well as we."

An entire letter is devoted to Ispahan and its

ancient and modern glories, any extract from which of a length suitable to our present purpose, would give a poor idea of the interest of his vivid narrative. We can only make room for the account of his interview with the Archbishop.

“I was invited to go up and see the Archbishop, who governs all the Armenians in Persia and India. His palace, a very new affair, very handsome and spacious, is right behind the cathedral. I found him on the lofty roof, which overlooks a magnificent scene, a tall, stalwart, majestic old man, most beneficent looking and venerable. My heart went immediately towards the patriarch, who seemed like a very Abraham; but when I saw him call for wine and arrack, and top the latter like a veteran trooper, the mortal stood confessed beneath that Jupiterian aspect, and though he was old enough to be my great-grandfather, I felt myself elevated slightly at witnessing this weakness.

“We sat on the housetop until sunset, looking at the glorious prospect, seeing the strong broad light over the plain and ocean of greenness waning, the verdure becoming deep green and ribbed with lines of shadows—the plain losing its grayishness and becoming softer coloured; the peaks of Sefi Hill, Atesh Kûh: and Rustam’s throne, flushing with orange and

purple, then paling and glooming in the fast receding sunlight. Then we rose to go, and, as we turned to bid the splendid old man a 'Good evening,' the Muezzoon across the river burst out triumphantly, 'La Allah, il Allah. Mohammed resoul Allah.' "

Returning to Europe towards the end of 1870, Mr. Stanley visited its most important cities, and resided in Egypt for some time, in the hope that Dr. Livingstone might make his appearance, by way of the Nile, to be "interviewed" for the benefit of the readers of the *New York Herald*. Getting tired of waiting, and having exhausted all the objects of interest in that long, narrow strip of country, the seat of the earliest civilization of which we have any record, Mr. Stanley returned to Europe, and was at Madrid when a telegram from Mr. Bennett, calling him instantly to Paris, reached him.

Mr. Stanley—who is always as ready to pack up and begone as the late Sir Charles Napier, who started to take the command of the Baltic Fleet within a couple of hours of receiving his instructions, after investing in a barrel of snuff and a couple of clean shirts—reached Paris by the first train, and arriving at the hotel where Mr. Bennett was stay-

ing at eleven o'clock at night, he went at once to his chief's room.

What follows may be best told in Mr. Stanley's own words :—

“ I found him in bed ; I knocked at his door. He said, ‘ Come in,’ and then demanded my name.

“ ‘ My name is Stanley.’

“ ‘ Oh, you are the man I want. Do you know where Livingstone is ?

“ I said, ‘ I declare to you I do not.’

“ ‘ Do you suppose he is alive ?’

“ ‘ I really don't know.’

“ ‘ What do you think of it ?’

“ I replied, ‘ It passes all my comprehension.’

“ ‘ Well, I think he is alive, and I want you to find him.’

“ I thought it was a most gigantic task, but I dared not say ‘ no ’ to Mr. Bennett. I answered, ‘ If you send me to Central Africa, I shall go there.’

“ He said, ‘ Well, go. I believe he is alive, and you can find him.’

“ I said, ‘ Mr. Bennett, have you the least idea how much that little journey will cost ? The Burton and Speke expedition cost between £2,000 and £4,000. Are you ready to incur that expense ?’

“ Mr. Bennett responded, ‘ Draw £1,000, and when

that is finished draw another £1,000, and when that is done draw another £1,000, and when you have got rid of that draw another and another.'

"When I was in such a position what was I to do? I saw he was determined I should go and find Dr. Livingstone, and I went. He would take no apologies or excuses, so I said, 'What it is open to poor human nature to do, I will do—I bid you good night.'"

This is very telling and epigrammatic, but we think we can show how so important an undertaking as the attempt to discover Livingstone, who had been lost sight of in Central Africa, came to be settled in so brief and rapid a manner.

Among other articles left by Mr. Stanley with his mother, on the occasion of his last visit to Denbigh, was a kind of pocket cash-book, which has been seen and examined by several gentlemen in Denbigh. In the index there is a reference: *Expenses re Livingstone Expedition*, page 8. But on referring, page 8 is torn out. There is nothing extraordinary in the idea that the adventurous young correspondent, who had travelled over half the world in various capacities, should have formed the opinion that if properly equipped and provided with means, he could discover Dr. Livingstone; and that he should venti-

late his ideas on the subject to his chief. In corroboration of this, a friend, who carried on a correspondence with Mr. Stanley for several years, states that he "often said it was the height of his ambition to find Dr. Livingstone."

Mr. Bennett, evidently, did not see his way to following out the daring suggestion of his enterprising subordinate for a time, but it took hold of his mind, and ended in a resolution to adopt it; hence there would be no necessity for any lengthened discussion as to ways and means between them at the now famous meeting in Paris. All this had been done by Mr. Stanley before !

It is also worthy of note that Mr. Louis H. Noe, in his letter to the *New York Sun*, mentions that Mr. Stanley frequently spoke of Livingstone and his travels in 1866, and expressed a strong desire to join him.

There is nothing more natural than that the famous achievements of Dr. Livingstone should have strongly impressed such a man, and that he who had forced his way from the Mediterranean Sea to Bombay with only one attendant, should have been convinced that Livingstone could be found and succoured by a bold and dauntless effort.

Before leaving England, Mr. Stanley had an inter-

view with some of his Denbigh relations in London. He said that he did not wish to tell them where he was going, but thus much he would divulge—that if he succeeded, he would be all right for the remainder of his life.

Mr. Stanley's preparations were soon completed, and in April 1871 he was in Zanzibar engaging attendants, and personally superintending everything connected with the expedition. At Zanzibar, in England and in America, the *New York Herald* Expedition was never mentioned without a sneer. The newspaper press made fun of it, and it was universally set down as a gigantic piece of clap-trap, got up to increase the sale and glory of the "most enterprising newspaper in the world."

It is curious that Dr. Kirk who had had extensive experience as an African traveller, could not see the elements of success in the careful preparations of the quiet and resolute man, who, trammelled by no special instructions, and backed by unlimited means entirely under his own control, was instinctively adopting all the precautions which could ensure it.

When he had plunged into the interior of the country, and was lost sight of, no hopes were based upon his efforts, either by Dr. Kirk or the members of the Royal Geographical Society. Readers of the

“Proceedings” of that Society would find from time to time an allusion to his expedition, but no hint that through it the public might look for any relief from its daily increasing fears as to the fate of the great traveller.

Meantime, as weeks and months rolled on, each bringing reports that Livingstone had been seen alive in the interior beyond Lake Tanganyika, or that he was assuredly dead, the public anxiety regarding his fate increased. The Royal Geographical Society suggested the institution of a “Search and Relief Expedition,” and made an application to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a contribution towards the expense, which was refused, amid much indignant comment from the press.

“Livingstone Relief Committees” were formed in the various large towns of the country, and a large sum of money was collected, which was supplemented by a contribution of £500 from the funds of the Royal Geographical Society.

Early in 1872, this expedition was being organized at Zanzibar, under the guidance of Lieutenant Dawson, who was assisted by Lieutenant Henn, Mr. New, a missionary (who was to act as interpreter) and Mr. Oswell Livingstone, a son of the great explorer. Feeling satisfied with the zeal and abilities of the

English heads of the "Search and Relief Expedition," and knowing that they were abundantly provided with means to carry out their undertaking, the public excitement toned down to a feeling of calm expectancy. The public believed that if Livingstone was alive, the expedition so carefully fitted out, and so ably led, must find and succour him.

The existence of another expedition was all but forgotten, when, just as people were expecting to hear that Lieutenant Dawson and his party had departed for the interior, the startling intelligence reached this country, on the 3rd of July last, that Mr. Stanley had found the long-lost traveller, and that the *Herald Expedition* was within a few days' march of Zanzibar.

People now living will never forget the thrill of pleasure and satisfaction with which the intelligence that Mr. Stanley's mission had been successful, and that he had seen and succoured Dr. Livingstone, was received throughout the civilized world.

It is to be regretted that any difficulties were raised as to the faith to be placed in Mr. Stanley's account of what he had done and seen, and of what he had heard from the lips of Dr. Livingstone. These doubts have now been completely dissipated, and are, we trust, forgiven and atoned for.

At Marseilles, Mr. Stanley was met by a corre-

spondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and interviewed for the benefit of the British public. In Paris he was received with much enthusiasm, especially by his countrymen. We give an interesting anecdote of his meeting with General Sherman at breakfast with Mr. Washburne, the American Minister at Paris.

In talking over the feat Mr. Stanley had accomplished, Mr. Washburne remarked :—

“It is a great thing. I only know of one other great expedition brought to a successful termination.”

“What is that?” asked Sherman.

“That is General Sherman’s march to the sea,” replied Washburne.

“That was nothing to this,” said Sherman. “It was easy in comparison to the march to the centre of Africa and back.”

“It is your modesty makes you say so, General,” remarked Stanley. “By the way, do you ever remember meeting me before?”

“No,” replied Sherman.

Whereupon Stanley commenced and repeated a speech of some minutes in length—a speech evidently meant for red men; for it was full of high-flown metaphors, and contained references to “Fire-water,” “the Great Spirit,” “Our Brother,” “the Pale Face,” “Our Father in Washington,” and a variety of other

subjects in which the Indian is supposed to be particularly interested.

"Why, that's a speech I made some years ago to the Sioux Indians, while on the Plains. Were you there?"

"I was there," replied Stanley, "reporting for the *Herald*, and, to tell you the truth, I have had occasion to repeat your speech *verbatim* more than once to the negroes of Central Africa."

"Well," said Sherman, "I should never have recognized you, and certainly never expected to see, in that *Herald* reporter, the discoverer of Livingstone."

Mr. Stanley's appearance in this country was anxiously awaited, and although he knew quite well that he would be the hero of the hour, it is pleasant to record the satisfaction he manifested at meeting his half-brother, Mr. Robert Jones, and his cousin, Mr. Parry on the pier at Dover, when he landed. Mr. Jones says that he would have passed him, not recognizing him, but that Mr. Stanley knew him in a moment, and said,—

"Why, Robert, is that you?"

They then travelled in company to London, and before their departure for Denbigh they spent a considerable time in his company. No doubt, thinking that anything regarding himself and his fortunes would

HENRY M. STANLEY.



(From a Portrait taken when at Constantinople.)



interest them and his other relatives in Denbigh, he told them that "he was about to bring out a book, which would not only contain an account of his recent African travels, but the history of his life from the time he was three years old, and that he had refused £5,000 for the copyright of this work."

Mr. Robert Jones has kept the "Old Castle Arms" at Denbigh since his mother went to reside at the "Cross Foxes Inn," Glascoed. The trophies Mr. Stanley brought from Abyssinia are in his possession, and he very courteously showed them to several of our friends.

The excitement raised in America by the Stanley-Noe controversy, to which we have already alluded, culminated in the interviewing of Noe himself; and as the result has a direct bearing upon our subject, we reproduce portions of it here just as we find it in the columns of the *Herald*.

The heading, which occupies nearly half a column of open printed matter, is a curiosity in itself. In many cases, when dealing with European telegrams, these headings contain as much matter as the paragraphs to which they refer. Here, then, is the Noe programme. It bears a striking resemblance to that of a transpontine melodrama, and, like it, promises some striking tableaux not to be found in the piece:—

WHAT NOE KNOWS.

Expedition into the Interior of Long
Island.

AN INVENTIVE GENIUS.

The Sleepy Village of Sayville, on the
South Shore.

A MAN BY THE NAME OF STANLEY.

Noe, Who Knows Him, Recognizes His
Half-Brother.

Interviews with the Supervisor, Postmaster, Barber,
Hotel Clerk, and Notary Public.

His Hopeful Family in Dread of
Assassination.

RURAL RUMINATIONS.

The Story Instigated by Avarice and Hatred.

INTRIGUES OF VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

Life and Exploits of Noe, the Sailor, Deserter, Traveller,
Blacksmith, Painter, Farmer, Inventor, and Author.

The difficulties overcome in finding Noe are detailed in a manner worthy of the importance of the game he was about to bag. Before starting :—

“The whole of the morning had been spent in a vain endeavour to discover the whereabouts of the mysterious village, but without success, Sayville being as unknown to the average New Yorker as was Ujiji before it had been made a household word in England and America by the *Herald*. A few persons had dim ideas of having heard of such a village, but nothing definite could be learned until an old gentleman, with the look of the eighteenth century about his face, informed us that if we would take the train to Lakeland we would be within some miles of the village. Acting upon his advice tickets were purchased, and taking our seats in the dusty cars we entered upon our explorations.

“A Long Island railroad is an institution which forcibly recalls the good old times when men did not rush to and fro with lightning speed, but travelled at a rate which, if slow, was sure. The train had an unfortunate habit of stopping at every hamlet on the way, and in the course of a fifty miles’ journey as many halts were made as there would be in a trip in a Third-avenue car from the City Hall to Yorkville.”

After leaving Lakeland, which is facetiously described as a town containing two houses and the ruins of another, the remainder of the journey was made in "a rusty old waggon, drawn by an ancient horse, and driven by an antiquated old man."

Arrived at Sayville, the reporter and his friend, the correspondent of an English newspaper, went direct to the one hotel of the place, where they got on the trail of their quarry. We must permit the reporter to speak for himself again:—

"The proprietor, who is at once bartender, waiter, chambermaid, and porter, rushed to the door on our approach, followed by a couple of wide-mouthed rustics, who stared at us as if we were denizens of another world. The office, billiard-hall, and bar-room of the Bay View House were dimly lighted by an oil lamp, revealing a dirty counter, an array of dusty glasses, and a confident inscription on the wall stating that mint juleps, claret punches, gin and milk, and other savoury mixtures were dispensed to all comers at reasonable prices. A few rickety chairs, a *Herald* three weeks old, and the gaping countrymen above alluded to, made up the other adornments of the scene.

"As we were hungry with the long ride, I asked could we have supper, and the clerk, calling to a dis-

mal-looking woman, a hurried consultation was held between them, after which an answer was given to us that something would be prepared.

"While the meal was in process of preparation I asked the clerk if he knew anything of Lewis Noe."

Clerk (smiling).—"Oh, yes, I guess I do. Did you see the *Sun* on Saturday? That was his letter. Oh, Lewis is very smart."

Reporter—"What is his occupation?"

Clerk.—"His father is a blacksmith and he does something at the trade, but he paints besides, and does a little of everything that comes along."

Reporter.—"A village genius, I see."

Clerk (open-mouthed).—"I guess he knows a heap. He was away from Sayville during the war, but has been home for several years. He is said by some to be a little flighty, and don't stick long to the same thing, but he is considered steady."

While supper was being prepared, the two reporters sallied out and interviewed a number of people, and learned that the "Noes are old-time Yankee Methodists, and have lived in the village some scores of years. They have always had a fair reputation, but none of the members of the family have ever shown remarkable intelligence, with the exception of Lewis and a sister,

who, being an ex-school marm, is considered 'putty' smart."

"Lewis has got a mania for invention, and is said to be possessed of a fertile imagination. He has tried his hand at various occupations, but does not remain long at any one, his aspiring soul refusing to be shackled by any particular business. Since the publication of his letter he is looked upon as the Village Lion."

Returning to the hotel, they were introduced to their evening meal, which proved to be anything but inviting. A blackened mackerel, flanked by a cup of cold tea, made from sea-weed; a plate of stale bread, a small supply of pale butter, and a bottle of sauce, made up the sumptuous repast.

After a vain effort to eat the unpalatable viands, they arose from the table and were confronted by the clerk, and asked if they had had enough. They assured him in all sincerity that they had, and, providing themselves with cigars, price ten cents each (sold in Chatham Street at four for five cents), they again left the hostelry on a tour of inquiry.

As the whole village population might have to be examined, like prudent generals they separated, thus doubling their "interviewing" power.

The *Herald* reporter, with commendable instinct,

first visited the village barber, but found him a sorry representative of his class, being entirely wanting in curiosity and loquacity. Unfortunately for himself, the reporter determined on being shaved. The establishment, the operator, and the operation are pictured for us by the hand of a master :—

“The establishment contained a single chair, which was occupied by the proprietor, a sleepy German, with bare feet, who started up at my approach and regarded me with a stupid stare, not comprehending what manner of man I was. I took the vacant seat and then a faint light broke in upon him that I wanted a shave. Seizing a dilapidated razor, he sharpened it upon an old shoe, and then commenced operations. One such shave is enough in a man’s lifetime, but I bore the pain like a martyr, and managed, in the intervals of torture, to edge in a few inquiries about Noe ; but the barber knew nothing about him except that his hair grew very long and had to be often cut ; indeed, it sometimes grew so long that it troubled his brains. He knew Noe was married (another evidence of a weak mind), and also that he had a father and mother, brothers and sisters.

“The tonsorial business of Sayville is not large, I being the first customer put through since the

previous Saturday night." (This occurred on the Thursday.)

The next party visited was the village postmaster, who is described as "a little man, with a strong resemblance to Captain Cattle." He was very reticent on the subject of Noe, as became his position, but recommended a visit to Mr. Wood, a supervisor, who could give the information wanted. As it was now late, either for their own comfort or for Mr. Wood's—we suspect their own—the reporters, who had by this time joined forces, sent for him, and in a few minutes he came and sat for his portrait, with results that could hardly be pleasing to a man of his importance:—

"Mr. Wood is a well-preserved Englishman, who has resided in this country since a boy, and in his bearing and manner strives to impress you with the idea that he is a person of great importance. His ruddy face reflects the wisdom that lurks within the brain, and the pompous notes of his sonorous voice seem to be continually saying, 'This is Wood; look, behold and wonder.' The cares of State hang heavy on his brow, and he is, in short, an admirable specimen of the rustic politician, who, with a smattering of knowledge, attracts the lion's share of local attention. Wherever he goes he is attended by a group of

admiring satellites, to whom he discourses on the crops, the weather, politics and himself."

Next to Noe himself, they had in Mr. Wood got hold of the most important actor in the matter which had brought them to Sayville, as it was he who had advised the former to publish his statement in the *Sun*, for which Noe got *ten dollars*.

The Englishman, as was both fitting and proper, was the interrogator of his self-important countryman. We shall give the conclusion of his testimony entire, and cannot help remarking that the freedom with which his personal appearance and bearing were treated was an ungrateful return for the only valuable information they had received during their first day's campaign:—

Reporter.—“What motive do you think has actuated Noe in the transaction? Has it been a mercenary one?”

Mr. Wood.—“Well I think not. In the first place he has a strong personal enmity against Stanley, and this alone would have induced him to act as he did. At the same time he was assured that he would get considerable money for his information, and then the hope of making something urged him on. I do not know exactly what he has received, but some inducement has been held out to him, as he has entered

into a kind of an agreement with the *Sun* to furnish that paper with all the documents and proofs of Stanley's history he is possessed of."

Reporter.—"What effect has the story had in the village?"

Mr. Wood.—"Well, it has had a different effect from what was first anticipated. A great many who did not believe in the truth of Stanley's story before believe in it now, from the fact that the character of him given by Noe proclaims him to be the very man who would be equal to any enterprise, however desperate; and this is, after all, a very natural view to take of the matter."

Reporter.—"Granted that the story is true, you would not pronounce on the discovery of Livingstone as to its being false or genuine from Stanley's previous history?"

Mr. Wood.—"No, I would not. Noe's connection with him ended previous to Stanley's starting the expedition, and here I may say I think Lewis has been rather rash in dragging Livingstone's name into the story, as Livingstone had not been missing for some years after Noe parted with Stanley. He, however, insists that Stanley continually talked about Livingstone, and announced his intention to go after him for the *Herald*. He may be mistaken, and in any

case he hates Stanley with a peculiar hatred, as do his parents. Stanley was here when he was taking Lewis away, and made a good impression upon the family by his pleasing address and piety. That is all the information I can give you, gentlemen, upon the matter."

"Here the great Supervisor rose, and, after making the Cockney promise to send a copy of the issue containing the interview, shook off the mud from his feet and departed, a wiser and more pompous man than ever. Mr. Wood did not know there was a 'chiel' present 'takin' notes,' but if he reads the *Herald* he may know that the innocent-looking individual who sat beside him saying nothing was a correspondent of the much dreaded paper."

After a night's sleep the reporters started to find Noe himself. In walking to his house they were followed by a crowd of idlers. A man in the crowd addressed them. "This person looked like a man who had suffered from ague and fever, and was very pale. I scanned his features, which had been described to me, and remarked to my companion, 'That's the ghost of the Sayville mystery.'

"It was in fact, Mr. Noe, and he called out, 'Do you wish to see any one in particular?' I approached him as I answered, 'Yes, sir, I wish to

see Mr. Lewis Noe. You are that gentleman, I believe?'

"'Yes, sir, that's my name.'

"I here introduced the English correspondent, who requested the privilege of a brief conversation with Mr. Noe, simply to gather his opinions upon three several points alluded to in his published adventures in the East.

"'I don't give any statement to any one different from the one I signed in the *Sun* paper,' doggedly spoke Mr. Noe. 'I made an arrangement with the man who came up here to see me, and anything I want to say will be printed in that paper.'"

After some further conversation they accompanied Noe to his home, and were introduced to what they call "a terror-stricken party."

"Passing around the corner of the building which proved to be the domicile of Noe's parents, a most ludicrous sight, intensely dramatic in its character, burst upon the vision. In front of the little house was a dilapidated arbour, grown over by gnarled vines, and under this and adjacent low-boughed scrubby apple trees were ranged a few benches and wooden chairs. The first figure noticed was that of a chubby red-faced old man in his shirtsleeves, who sat in an isolated position upon a bench, his face fronting the

house, and his chin resting upon both his hands, which were clasped upon the head of a heavy walking stick. His round face, smooth even to shining, had the peculiar red and blistered appearance of a boiled lobster. His eyes were swollen, almost shut, while their lashes and brows were of such a colour and scarcity as to be detected with difficulty. There was a peculiar drawing down of the muscles at the corners of his mouth, and his eyes barely opened and closed, with a blinking movement, at each ray of sunshine piercing the arbour, resembling in their action the gills of a fish in respiration. For an hour and a quarter the old man never moved a muscle save once, when he raised his chin half an inch, and said five words.

“At a small table under an apple tree to the right sat a woman of perhaps fifty-five. She was of full person, quite dark in complexion, and in sitting rested her elbows upon the table and supported her chin in the palms of her hands, keeping her eyes fixed upon her son and his visitors. Upon the end of the bench occupied by the old man, and about equi-distant between the two I have just described, sat a young woman, a sister of Mr. Noe, who has been a school-mistress, and who wrote the document from which his published story was prepared. She, too, is full in

person, with voluptuous lips, dark glittering eyes and very black hair, falling loosely to her waist. From the first she regarded most fixedly the English correspondent. At the end of a bench near the house was a sallow, sunken-cheeked gipsyish-looking man, whose skin is very dark, and moustache and imperial very black, thin, and snaky. His eyes, too, have a peculiar expression, and he moves with an uneasy, lithesome motion. He is evidently hypochondriacal and full of alarms. Noe's nose is aquiline, his hair, eyes, and moustache very dark, his face very pale, his action nervous, suspicious, almost fearful, and his speech reserved and hesitating. He sat down upon the seat where his brother had already taken up a position."

After much questioning, they found that to them, at least, what Noe knew, and what he believed, did not amount to much. But for his sister and mother they would have turned him inside out; but the ladies had a shrewd idea as to what was the best market for his intelligence.

After a long string of questions, "Noe looked at his sister and then at his immediate maternal ancestor." Then he ventured :—

"Ain't all that in the *Sun*?"

Mrs. Nce.—"No. Is it?"

Miss Noe.—“No ; he didn’t say yet that he knew it was the same Stanley. He thinks it is.”

Correspondent.—“You have no positive knowledge of the identity of the person, then?”

Noe.—“No.”

Correspondent.—“What, then, is your opinion of the course your Mr. Stanley would pursue were he in search of Livingstone? Would his courage and adventurous spirit lead him on to find the object of his search, or would he be more likely to forget the papers received in England?”

Noe.—“He is just as likely to do one as the other.”

Correspondent.—“I believe you state that Mr. Stanley told you in England, in 1867, that he wished to go in search of Dr. Livingstone? I am not sure of your precise statement, but thought I would allude to it, as letters were received as late as 1869 in England from the Doctor?”

Noe.—“Did I say that? I guess Livingstone was lost for a while before 1869, wasn’t he? For a year or so.”

Miss Noe.—“No. But Stanley didn’t say exactly that he wanted to go in search of Livingstone.”

Mrs. Noe.—“No. He said he would go to Africa. That was all. He wanted to go there as correspon-

dent for the *New York Herald*, expecting to have all his expenses paid and to make a great deal of money."

If Mrs. Noe was not inclined to give them the precise information they wanted, she was quite ready to abuse Stanley in a general way. She said:—

"The family were in constant dread of him and his emissaries, who (here she expressed her belief that something very terrible would be done to the family) if he could do so with impunity. The entire circle at once broke forth in approval of the elderly lady's fears. The notorious Noe turned a shade paler. The coffee-coloured Noe retreated to the interior of the house and shouted, while his head protruded from the open doorway, 'You're givin' 'um all they want. They'll write a longer letter than the *Sun* got. Now you're given 'um more facts!'

"The old man was moved by the threatened danger. He raised his head faintly; he came forth, seemingly, from the corner of neglect and seclusion, which, unnoticed, he seems to occupy, and in a painfully humble, deprecating way he essayed to avert the threatening storm.

" 'They hain't got no letters: we hain't given 'um no letters,' he faltered; and then, while he tried to smile, the fishy lids of his swollen little eyes moved



MRS. JONES, OF THE "CROSS FOXES," GLASCOED.
(The Mother of Henry M. Stanley.)



gaspingly, and he returned to a condition of non-entity.

"Sharply and commandingly came the words from Mrs. Noe's nodding head,—

" 'They're not gettin' anything the *Sun* wants. They'll get no information that'll do 'em any good. They don't want to know anything about Stanley's character, and we don't know anything about Livingstone, or whether Stanley went after him or not. We only think he's a——' (here Mrs. Noe expressed herself very vigorously).

"After working herself into a fury, she turned suddenly upon the English Correspondent and said:—

" 'Then you're a friend of Stanley's, and a near friend too. I knew it when you first came here. Stanley is a——(Mrs. Noe again made use of an unparliamentary expression), and you look just like him. You look near enough alike to be his half-brother, and we don't know but what you are.'

"This shot struck the Englishman as fairly as it did unexpectedly, and he could only smile and apologize for looking as he did.

"Mr. Noe himself seemed to be somewhat of the impression that the Englishman was Stanley himself, and cast many stealthy looks at him. After con-

siderable nodding, motioning, and interchange of glances, Miss Noe finally requested the gentleman to remove his hat, which he smilingly did, and after a more minute examination of the shape of his head than they could previously make, they admitted that he was, perhaps, a very good-looking person, and not quite so bad as their boguëy.

“The Englishman finally replaced his hat, claimed to be of Indian descent, indulged in a series of jokes, and asked the Noes if they had yet been visited by a *Herald* Correspondent. They answered that they might have been, but did not know. The persons present might be *Herald* representatives for all they knew or ever might know.”

How grievously they were in error in the last supposition they would learn when they saw the *New York Herald* of the 29th August. Hitherto Louis had enjoyed all the celebrity ; now the entire family had suddenly become famous. If they had failed in injuring Mr. Stanley, they had discovered themselves to thousands of newspaper readers, who, but for him, could never have known of their existence.

In his letter to the *New York Herald*, clearing himself from the charges made against his character by Louis Noe, Mr. Stanley alluded to his detractors across the water. His method of dealing with one

of them is too characteristic to be omitted here. It appears as a postscript to the letter :—

“P.S.—I have omitted to mention the fact that I have seen in an American newspaper some account of an article which has appeared in an Omaha paper derogatory to me. This Omaha paper can only be the *Omaha Herald*, whose local editor—‘Little Mac’ by name—I kicked publicly for slander and threats. This local editor had me brought up before the Mayor, Charles Brown, for assault and battery. The jury returned a verdict of ‘Not Guilty,’ and ‘Little Mac,’ besides suffering the indignity of a vigorous kicking in his rearward parts, was compelled to pay ‘costs.’ If any one doubts this, let him examine the files of the *Omaha Republican*; let him ask Governor Butler, of Nebraska; Major Balcombe, Judge Strickland, Major Brown; and he will receive a complete confirmation of the fact. It is but natural, therefore, that the *Omaha Herald* should bear me a grudge.”

Since the appearance of Mr. Stanley’s letter, Mr. George L. Miller, the present editor of the *Omaha Herald*, has written to Mr. Bennett to say that no word of detraction had appeared in his journal. He enclosed an article, in which Mr. Bennett and Mr. Stanley

were spoken of in terms of warm eulogy. We quote the following from it :—

“ Give you my photograph,” said Stanley to a gentleman in England ; “ I have none, nor shall I have any taken. I did not go to Africa to discover myself. Photographers have applied to me, but I have told them that if any photograph ought to be exhibited, it is that of Mr. Bennett. He deserves all the credit of the expedition.”

Fortunately this resolution has been overcome, and the public can procure his portrait and that of his boy Kalulu in a variety of positions.

In the United States, the question of the actual discovery of Livingstone by Mr. Stanley was more fiercely discussed than with us. The publication of Louis H. Noe’s letter gave envious newspaper editors an opportunity of throwing dirt at the proprietor of the *New York Herald* and his Correspondent, which they were not slow to avail themselves of.

The reproduction, in facsimile, of two letters written to Noe by Mr. Stanley, one in 1867, when with General Hancock’s expedition, promising to send his old friend some Indian trophies, and another from Paris, wishing him a happy new year, on January 1, 1868, strengthened the position of doubters for a time, as his writing bore a certain general resemblance

to that of the letter sent by Livingstone to Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, which had been reproduced in facsimile in that journal.

The exact reproduction of nearly a dozen letters of Dr. Livingstone, some of them written several years ago, settled the question as to the letters to Mr. Bennett being in the great traveller's handwriting; and the positive assertion of Lord Granville and Dr. Livingstone's relatives, that the letters received from him through Mr. Stanley were genuine, effectually silenced all opposition.

But to enable our readers to judge for themselves in this matter, we give a specimen in exact facsimile of Mr. Stanley's autograph, written four years since; and, on another page, we give a sample of Dr. Livingstone's handwriting from a letter addressed by the great traveller, in 1866, to William Stearns, Esq., formerly of Bombay, now of New York City. The most careless glance will convince the reader that the same hand never wrote the two pages.

The great bulk of the Press of the United States have shown themselves above petty jealousy at the success of their contemporary, and have been very warm and enthusiastic in their acknowledgment of the enterprise which sent Mr. Stanley on such a mission, and

the success with which that courageous man carried it out. Some of them, however, make merry over the Oriental simplicity and brevity of the instructions Mr. Stanley received from Mr. Bennett in Paris.

The *New York Jewish Chronicle*, for instance, recommends Mr. Bennett to send Mr. Stanley in search of "the ten Lost Tribes of Israel, who disappeared about twenty-five centuries ago, and have since then kept a studious silence as to their whereabouts." The *Chronicle* gives the following as an account of the probable origin and carrying out of such an undertaking :—

Mr. Bennett (in bed, 4 A.M.)—"Mr. Stanley, have the Ten Tribes ever been found?"

Mr. Stanley (in room adjoining, also in bed).—"No, sir; not to my knowledge."

Mr. Bennett.—"Can they be found?"

Mr. Stanley.—"I should judge so."

Mr. Bennett.—"Will you find them?"

Mr. Stanley.—"I will, sir."

Mr. Bennett.—"Start immediately; draw on me for as large a sum as you like, and don't come back until you have found all the Ten Tribes, whom you must send to America as speedily as possible."

"And Mr. Stanley takes the first boat for—anywhere; and depend upon it, the news will soon be

flashed along the line : ‘ Glory ! I have just found Tribe Number One ! The Reubenites are well, and send congratulations ! ’ ”

Mr. Stanley is still a young man, and will, we doubt not, embrace every opportunity that presents itself for accomplishing deeds worthy of his past career, and of the great feat which has immortalized his name.

We leave the story of his life as he arrives in England, to receive that reward in fame and honour which the people of this country are not slow in granting to those who have accomplished a labour which constitutes the whole civilized world their debtor.

ON page 85 we stated that Mr. Stanley sent a letter to the *Levant Herald*, published at Constantinople, detailing the indignities he and his unfortunate friends had received near Afinne-Kara-Hissar. We are now enabled to give both the letter itself and the editorial comment upon it:—

(*Letter in "Levant Herald," October 17th, 1866.*)

OUTRAGE ON AMERICAN TRAVELLERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LEVANT HERALD."

SIR,

When about seven hours from Afiuna Kara-Hissar, on the 18th September *en route* for Tiflis and Thibet *viâ* Erzeroum, from Smyrna, I and my two companions Mr. H. W. Cook of Illinois, and Master Lewis Noe of New York, were attacked by a band of robbers, hailing from the village of Chi-Hissar, headed by a fellow named Achmet of Kara-Hissar, and robbed of all our money, valuables, and clothing, to the tune of about 80,000 piastres. It would occupy too much space were I to enter into minor details; suffice it to

state that after robbing us, they conveyed us as prisoners in triumph to Chi-Hissar, accusing us of being robbers, which brought down on our devoted heads unparalleled abuse from the villagers; the women pelted us with stones, the children spat at us, the men belaboured us unmercifully with sticks, clubs, and fire-tongs. Not comprehending in the least what direction affairs had taken, I must say for myself that I was plunged in a state of stupefaction not unmingled with rage, as to how and why we were thus treated. We had instantly acquiesced in all their demands, and were as docile as lambs in their hands, and though when attacked we were armed with the best Sharp's fliers and Colt's revolvers, we had offered no resistance.

When night arrived, they bound us with cords drawn so tight round our necks, that it nearly produced strangulation, in which suffering condition they allowed us to remain twelve hours. During the night three of our captors, Vely, Muet, and Mustapha, when all seemed buried in slumber, committed the diabolical ---[it is not necessary to describe the outrage. Sufficient to say that it was of a very shameful character, and that the lad was coerced into silence by the robbers flourishing over his head a long knife, with a significant threat to cut his throat.] No explana-

tions that they can render can gloss over the wanton cruelty and malignant treatment to which we have been subjected.

Next day, two of them conveyed us, bound, with the most daring effrontery imaginable, to a small town called Rashi Keiu, with the statement that we were robbers, when, of course, we were powerless to explain the mystery that hung over us. We were treated as prisoners, accompanied by the most cruel abuses; chains were hung round our necks, like garlands, for the night. From this place we were sent to Afiuna-Kara-Hissar, where we received the benefit of an interpreter, in the person of Mr. L. D. Peloso, agent of the Ottoman Bank at that place, who acquitted himself very creditably in that capacity; the fruits of which were, that we were immediately freed from "durance vile." Nor did his generosity stay here; he lent us ample funds, procured us comfortable rooms at the khan, and fed and clothed us, thus acting the part of a good Samaritan to three unfortunates. And again, through his energetic and repeated appeals to Raouf Bey, the sub-governor of that place, all the robbers were arrested. A strict search was made by soldiers in the village, and about 40 piastres and two or three articles of clothing were recovered. The prisoners Achmet, Ibrahim, Hassar,

Mustapha, Beker, Vely, Muet, and three others were sent under strong guard to Broussa, there to be detained till tried according to law.

We arrived at Constantinople *viâ* Broussa yesterday, to lay our case before the American Minister, through whose influence I hope justice will be meted out to the unbaptized rogues. Hoping you will give this letter a small space in your valuable paper, I remain one of the victimized,

HENRY STANLEY.

Pera, October 11.

“The above letter appeared in our Bulletin of Thursday, and has been locally read with the indignation it compels. As was to be expected, the Hon. E. Joy Morris, the American Minister, has lost no time in addressing an energetic demand to the Porte for the prompt and severe punishment of the ruffians concerned. He has, we have reason to believe, insisted (1) on the immediate payment by the robbers, or by their village, of the value of the money and effects taken from Mr. Stanley and his companions; (2) on the public trial of Achmet Effendi—who is, by the way, an ex-Cadi—and his nine accomplices, before a tribunal of unexceptionable impartiality; and (3), in the case of the three ruffians who outraged the boy, on the application of the full penalty of the

law, according to the letter of which—many of our readers may not, perhaps, be aware—this crime is a capital one. In every interest of justice and morality, not less than as a protection for future travellers, it is to be hoped that Mr. Morris will insist on the law being executed in its utmost rigour on this particular trio of the band. Nothing short of this, we feel convinced, will satisfy the public sentiment in America, nor the just indignation of foreigners of all nationalities resident in Turkey. Happily, the case is in excellent hands, and neither of these is likely to be disappointed. As a just guarantee of this, Lord Lyons has, in the absence of an American Consular Agent at Broussa, courteously authorized Mr. Consul Sandison to watch the proceedings at the trial, which will be held without delay in the town. We shall not fail to report the result.”



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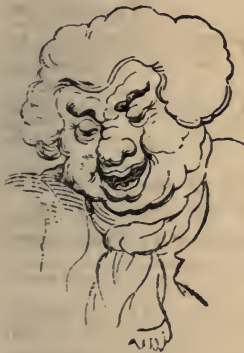
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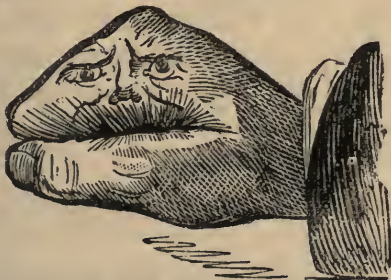
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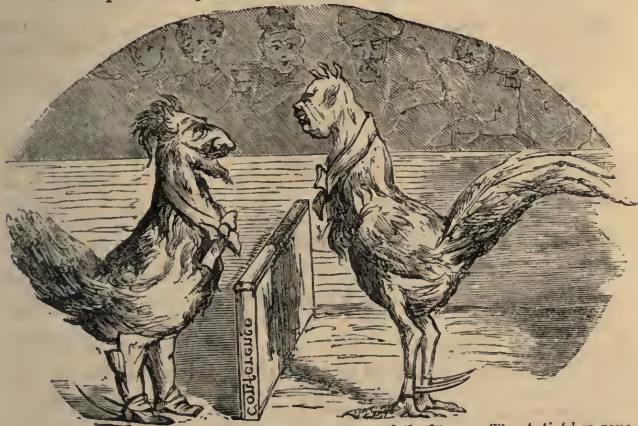
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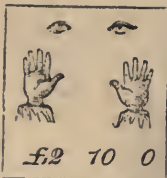
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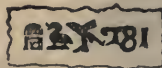
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